



HOLINESS TO THE LORD

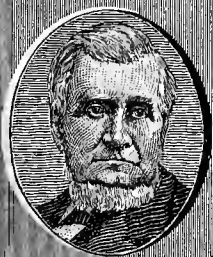
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JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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Published Semi Monthly
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Education & Elevation
of the Young

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EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

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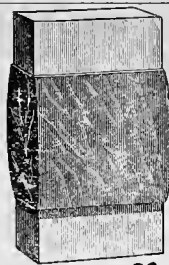
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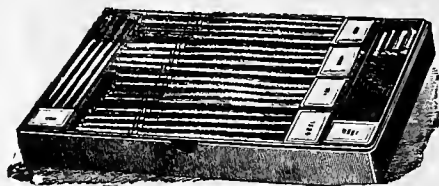




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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

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No. 24.

THE ORPHANS' HOME.

A Christmas Story.

It was in that great city beside the west sea,
Whose record and name for the world used to be
A spell for bright visions of fortune, scarce held
In the fabulous legends of countries of eld;—
That spot where the sunset with lingering ray
Falling wide on the face of a wonderful bay
Reflects from its waves, and from pillars that stand
Like some ponderous gateway set up by the land,
A shimmer so golden that many have sworn,
'Twas a sign of the wealth that the region has worn,
And which gives to the channel that title of state
And poetic romance the great "Golden Gate."

Far-famed San Francisco! though once there was
traced

No story of want midst the fair records placed
To thy credit of old, yet, alas! the slow years
Have brought thee thy portion of sorrow and tears
Through hearts that have suffered and eyes that have
wept,

In homes where the gaunt "Wolf of Poverty" kept
His watch at the threshold; for changes are told
And the streams and the sand hills no longer with
gold

Pave richly thy pathways; and through these sad
tales

May never reach out to the farthestmost pales
That thy brighter ones gained—yet their sorrow and
pain

Are unhappily true as thy legends of gain
And first on the page of such histories stand
The woes of the many whose fortunes the land
Built up to the zenith—in time but to fall
And to leave them bound helpless in poverty's thrall
Such shadow it was underneath whose dark spell
Had drifted the lives whose sad story I tell.

There had come in the "sixties"—before had declined
The promise held forth in the wonderful "find"
Of the rough pioneers whose most fortunate view
The first magic gleam of the "gold diggings" knew—
A youth from New Hampshire, like myriads more
With hope from the lavish hills' glittering store

To reap sudden fortune, and soon, as it chanced,
The eyes of Good Luck on his efforts had glanced,
Bringing fabulous wealth; and the youth, now a man,
With power to accomplish his long cherished plan,
After labor and hardship and myriad ills
Travelled back to the home mid the green Hamp-
shire hills,

And brought back to this spot on the western sea-slope
The bride who had waited in patience and hope—
To dwell in the home which his lavish wealth made
Like some wonderful palace, with wide grounds out-
laid

In such wonderful vistas, the whole might have been
Fit home for the rule of some princess or queen.
And as time passed away there had come to their
arms

Two children; the older a daughter whose charms
Were the type of the mother's, mild, gentle, and fair,
And the younger a boy with his father's dark hair,
And a heart whose few summers now even could prove
The traits it possessed of truth, courage, and love.

No want and no wish which their lisping tongues
made

A day their fond parents unto them delayed.
Each toy and each dainty their pampered tastes knew,
And in comfort and love thus, like flowers they grew.
While the hardships of life—cold, starvation and want
Not even in name came their visions to haunt.
Till at length, one dark day, by a pestilent spell,
Which like some dire thunderbolt suddenly fell
On their father's fair prospects—their fortunes de-
clined.

For foul speculation, that treacherous wind
Which bloweth now mildly, now hot and now cold,
On the fortunes of men, with chill breath now had
rolled

Its drifts on the flowers that sweetly had bloomed
Along their bright way, and their summer was doomed.
Two years, and the fortunes whose fabulous sum
Seemed refuge from all threatened ill that might
come,

Had vanished and left not enough from its wreck,
To provide them a home. Thus, as once as a beck
Of the hand as it seemed had the fortune been won
So the last tiny vestige of all now had gone

For a time the proud man 'gainst his miseries fought,
But too deep was the blow which their trial had
wrought,

And within one short year from the time that had
sped

The bolt of misfortune, the father was dead.

And as if the same life-chord had furnished the spark
That sailed on the river of life her frail bark—
The wife, one short year from the time he had gone
Beneath the dread sickle of death too went down.

And the two helpless children, one five, and one eight,
Were left to the pitiless mercies of fate.

Alas! of the many who smiled at the board
Of the generous man who his millions had scored,
Not one was now ready to shield as their own
The two helpless orphans, in want and alone.
But one door was open—a home that the state
Provided for those whom the chances of fate
Left helpless and homeless—a refuge to stand
With doors ever wide to the poor of the land
And here when that last cruel parting had come
The desolate children found shelter and home.

Oh, little ones! blessed by your parents' fond care,
Who strive for your welfare with effort and prayer—
Who make for your shelter a place where is wrought
Sweet impress of love and of unselfish thought,
Can your untried hearts measure a trouble like this—
To wait all in vain for a look or a kiss
That shall bring to you, stronger than word or by
deed,

The love that lives ever to thrill at your need,
To bless with its comfort, its watch and its care
Each joy that you feel, and each trial you bear,
And to have in its place such a gift as a stone
Might be for the plentiful bread you have known?
If all this you can fathom, then guess the sad tears
That fell to poor Stella's and Will's tender years.

Not, indeed, that unkindness towards either was
shown:

Such thing as injustice could never be known
By the kind-hearted matron who ruled in the halls
Upraised by the state for sweet charity's calls.
But alas! not the love that the stranger imparts
Though sprung from the best and the kindest of hearts
Ever watches that fountain whose full, ceaseless flow
But the love of a parent or kindred can know,
And many alas! were the tears that the two
Thus sudden bereft of that love which they knew
In the old happy days—in their loneliness wept
From such grief as in few childish hearts hath ere
crept.

But though they thus suffered, each bravely refrained
From voicing to any the sorrows that pained
Their lonely young hearts; and 'twas said that of all
The lone little orphans who thronged the great hall
Not any was patient and brave as the two
Who had seen all life's joys fade like mist from their
view.

To all their companions considerate and kind,
Each task and each lesson to either assigned

Was done with as pleased and as cheerful a mein,
As if no past days brought their memories keen
Of comfort and ease, and the numberless things
That wealth can provide to give life golden wings.
Each striving to make of the life they must live
The best that their own earnest effort might give.

Nine months passed away, 'twas the first Christmas
Eve

Since Stella and Will had been first forced to grieve
For their loved and lost ones; and how strange it
now seemed

To have no one to ask for the gifts which both
dreamed

Would give them best pleasure; a year since and each
Had simply to whisper and find in their reach.
What treasures they yearned for; but who now would
fill

The place of the loved ones whose hearts had grown
still?

Though their stockings they always had hung by
the grate,

They had learned that old Santa Claus always would
wait

For some parent or guardian, sister or friend
Some sly little letter or message to send
Before he would answer the children who came
Christmas Eve to the chimney, to put in their claim
For some gifts from his bundle; but Stella and Will
Had neither relations nor friends to fulfill
This kind obligation. They knew there could come
No gifts to the children who lived at the "Home,"
Save those that were sent by the rich for the hold
Of the matron, to keep them from hunger and cold.

But five-year old Will could not quite give up heart
That some friend to the good old Santa Claus would
impart

A potent instruction that yet should impel
Some return of the scenes they remembered so well
When both papa and mama united their will
To have the queer elf all their wishes fulfill.

It was just half-past seven; the bell had just rung
When the matron came into the hallway and swung
Wide open the doors, whilst the children all filed
Up the stairs to the sleeping-room, each little child
Intent on the thought of the morrow, whose joy
Might bring them perchance by good luck a small toy,
As the glad day's memento. Too many had learned
From past sad experience how hopeless had reared
Their hearts for rare treasures. Such gifts as the rich
Were ready to burn, or to cast in the ditch,
Had come to them always, and so they all prayed
For the best of the gifts that perhaps might be made.

Poor Stella and Will never knowing ere this
The lack of a fond Christmas "good night" and kiss
Had to strive very hard each to keep back the tears
That came fast at the thought of the past happy years.
Undressed, they knelt down by their own little cot,
And while Willie prayed soft for some wonderful lot
Of toys he had seen in the windows one day

When the matron had taken them over the bay
To view the great sight of shop windows and doors
Decked out in their marvelous Christmas tide stores
Sweet Stella with memories filling her heart
Of the lost kindred—each like a deep piercing dart—
Uttered soft the one prayer that the Father might send
To bless their lone lives, some affectionate friend
Who might fill up perhaps that lost mother's dear place
And give them again just a gleam of the grace
Of lost ties and affections. Then, turning her face
All tear-stained, and sorrowful close to sweet Will,
Bright dreams filled her sleep and her sorrows grew still.

As soon as the morning's bright sunshine had crept
Through the great, airy hall where the children all slept,
Down the long, even row of the little white beds
Bobbed up of a sudden, a hundred small heads,
And the room but a moment before dim and still,
Resounded with greetings so merry and shrill,
That the sparrows outside of the broad window-pane
Chirped "Merry Christmas!" with as bold a refrain
As if they and the children had planned it all out
To commence the glad day with a revel and shout.
In a trice almost ere you should think they could choose,
They had put on their dresses and buttoned their shoes,
And were marching in file down the broad oaken stairs
To hurry through combing, and breakfast, and prayers
And get into the hall where they knew they would find
What presents their poor doubtful fate had designed.

And now ere they open the magical door
I shall tell to your ears what the day had in store
For the poor little orphans. Perhaps you have heard
How one dear Christmas-tide on the coast there had stirred

In the hearts of the rich and the poor, in that great
Sea-side city which glories the name of the state—
An impulse—imparted by heaven above
To make this sweet season all tidings of love
From themselves to the poorer, more suffering souls
Dependent on Charity's paltriest doles—
And to make, if but once, this glad day a true sign
Of the light of the brotherhood reigning divine
In the hearts of His children, whose lives He to save
Had suffered the darkness of life and the grave.
So throughout the great city each soul who could give,
From the thrice-millionaire to the toilers who live
On their scant, hard-earned wages, had spared from
their store

A portion to gladden some poor brother's door.
And of all of those portals whence oftentimes come
The calls of the needy—the great Orphans' Home
Was perhaps the most favored. From earliest light
Till the shadows fell dark on that glad Christmas night
There rolled through the gates and around to the back
Of the great stately house every cart, dray, and hack,
That the merchants could muster to lay at the door
In bales and in boxes and bundles the store
Which kind hearts had provided; and many a smile
Lit the face of the kind-hearted matron the while
These thousand odd parcels were carried and laid
In the long study hall there ere night to be made

Into one gorgeous pageant whose sight should surprise
The long unaccustomed and hopeless young eyes,
Whose treasures these were; and before the long night
Had faded to the glow of the Christmas-tide light,
The hands of the many assistants had made
The hall into just one great evergreen glade.
Each tree with its feathery branches agleam
With tinsel and toys, like some wonderful dream,
Of a sudden made true. At the end of the room
With his white flowing beard, and his cheeks all abloom
Stood a wonderful Santa Claus laden with packs
Unopened (as they had been left by the backs),
And holding aloft in his hand a great tree,
Weighed down with such gifts as could not but agree
With the fairest of fancies, the brightest of dreams
That come to young hearts with the Christmas-tide
gleams,

Tops, horses, and wagons; drums, engines, and balls
Cute houses, and kitchens, and cradles; and dolls
In wonderful toilettes—some rocking to sleep
Their little doll-babies whose eyes half-a-peep,
Looked just like the real little tots when they think
That they wont go to sleep but for half of a wink,
And a thousand odd things that I couldn't describe
Unless I the wit of a witch might imbibe,
For everything known to toy kingdom was there—
In that children's most marvelous Christmas day fair.

You can guess what they felt those glad children when
first

The fairy-like scene on their startled sight burst;
How they danced with wild gestures and shouted and
cheered

When the door was swung wide and that pageant
appeared,

Not one there but found hid in the parcels or trees
The identical gift that his wishes could please.
Little Will like the rest had received as his share
The very same things he had named in his prayer.
While Stella was blessed with more gifts than she knew
Ere the clouds of misfortune upon their home drew.
And her prayer? Was there then not an answer to this,
Her heart's dearest wish? Ah! we never shall miss
What we ask for in prayer, and with faith in His will
All things for our welfare and good to fulfill.

As she sat with the rest in the great hall at play,
There came to the doorway a servant to say
That Stella and Will were requested to haste
To the parlor; and going, they found themselves faced
By two visitors, one of whom called them by name
And said he had come from Australia to claim
His dear brother's children. But two weeks he had
known

Of the change that had happened to leave them alone
The brothers, it seemed by his story had kept
Little track of each other through years that had crept
Since they left the old homestead. One crossed the
wide sea

To Australia; the other had stayed here to be
As equal a hero of fortune, although,
The latter in time had been felled by her blow

While the former still prospered. The children had heard

Of this uncle by name; but there came to them word
That both he and his wife had together been lost
In a flood which some two years before this had crossed
The path of their home. And now both sitting here
Disproved the sad story. With many a tear
Did they learn the dark record of all that had passed
In these unhappy lives; and how fondly at last
They clasped to their arms the two children, thus given
To their blessing and care. Stella knew that kind heaven
Had indeed heard her prayer, for no tenderer love
(Save indeed that which reigned in those bosoms above)
Could be given than that which that glad Christmas day
Brought peace to their hearts and their home thus for aye!

J. S.

HAY-MAKING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

READERS who are accustomed, as nearly all ours are, to broad, level meadows, where mowing machines and horse-rakes easily cut and handle many tons of hay per day will hardly be able to believe that the artist has not in this picture drawn entirely on his imagination for his subject. To represent a man as mowing grass right on the edge of a precipice, and other men as carrying that grass in bundles on their backs along narrow paths above the chasm, and then to say that it is in this way, that many of the stock-owners in a certain part of the world, get the winter provender for their cattle—all this is to expect a great deal from the credulity of readers who, as has been said, have a totally different idea of meadow and hay-making.

Yet that which is shown in the illustration, faithfully represents the difficulties under which many cows and horses and goats, on this bright earth of ours, are supplied with winter food. The mountain sides of Switzerland are noted for the richness of their grasses, and the milk and butter and cheese made from cattle fed upon those grasses, are famous the world over. Our readers have often been told how the Swiss

dairymen in the spring drive their herds and flocks, after the winter has passed in the lower valleys, higher up the mountain slopes, going farther and farther, as the summer's sun drives the snow back to the summits; returning again when the whirling storm gives notice that winter is once more at hand. But in these summer migrations there are found little spots of fertile earth where sweet, fragrant grass grows beyond the reach of cows and sometimes even of goats. These the hardy dairyman assails with his scythe, occasionally venturing where sure-footed quadrupeds would hesitate. Of course there is but one way to get this crop, when once secured, to the barn in the valley below, and that is to fasten it in bundles, and either carry it down on the back, or toss it over the cliff to some convenient gathering-place lower down. This is actually done, perhaps in not quite such an alarming scene as the artist depicts, but certainly on that same principle. In fact the carrying in of the hay crop on men's shoulders, even where the meadow is of quite an extent on a grassy hillside, is not at all uncommon; every Elder who has been on a mission to Switzerland, having doubtless seen the proceeding many times. Where the owners have to take such risks, and perform such tasks, in behalf of their dumb animals, it is no wonder that between the human and the brute creation there should be a warm affection. Neither is it strange that while on the one hand, the owner should have pride in, and thoughtful regard for the excellence of his stock, the latter, on their part, should reward him with a product, the very name of which is quoted as a synonym for purity and toothsome-ness in food at every civilized table on the globe.

TWO CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

I WAS editing a literary monthly at the time, and just beginning to dis-

gone forth that we paid fancy prices for articles suiting our needs, poems and stories, essays and reviews flowed down



ALPINE HAYMAKERS, SWITZERLAND. (See page 756.)

cover the vast number of writers our country can produce.

The *Monthly Record* was then a new publication, and as the impression had

upon us in one vast unbroken stream. Every mail brought its offerings, to swell the tide, every hour its addition to our mountain of manuscript. I

remember it—was Christmas Day—never mind the year—bright and cold, and still outside, with the little lances of bright sunlight sparkling along the snow, and the frost painting our window-panes with fantastic figures. Now and then the cheering music of the Christmas chimes came stealing into the room, and I could hear voices of children calling in the street below. It was Christmas Day to them, with all its rest and joy—Christmas Day, with its “peace on earth, good will to men;” but to me it was the same as ever, only longer as I sat there working, hour after hour, reading, reading, reading love stories till the very sight made me sick, and poems until the lines ran into each other in one confused blot of color.

They were piled high up on the table in the morning, but they are thinning out a little now, and it’s high time, for the sun is pouring in at the western window, and stretching out like a great golden hand half-way across the dark floor, where the waste of papers lie strewn in such confusion.

I am growing tired and longing for a breath of the crisp, pure air outside; but just as I push back my heavy chair I chance to notice a smaller envelope among the others, and glimpse of writing with which I have grown familiar. I draw it out from the pile, and hold it up to the light.

“It’s not manuscript,” I muttered. “Must be they forgot to send a check. No, it’s something heavy and hard.”

The next moment it was opened. “By jove! it’s a picture!” burst from my lips.

And so it was, the photograph of a woman—not a beautiful one, but a young, strong, vigorous face, lit up with such full, earnest gray eyes, and a little bunch of pansies caught up in the

heavy coils of dark hair, held back from the low, broad forehead by a single strip of narrow ribbon.

Not a common face in any degree, but one to trust forever, and, charmed by its expression, I sat looking at it until the sunbeam, working upward, fell across my knee, and bathed the hair in a flood of glory. Then I noticed the accompanying note which had fluttered to the floor. Stooping, I picked it up and read these simple words:

“CITY, Dec 24, 18—.

Mr. Philip Randall, Editor Monthly Record.

“DEAR SIR: You have shown me much kindness in the past, and today it occurred to me that even if I still continue to use my *nom de plume*, yet it might please you to see the features of one who has contributed so much to the pages of your magazine.

“Trusting that it *will* please you, and be accepted as a slight—very slight—Christmas gift, I remain as ever, most gratefully yours,

“LILIAN JUNE.”

Would be accepted? Yes she could rely on that, and treasured, too.

For one year had the work of her pen found space in our columns. The first one sent to us I remember well—a simple little story of patience and reward—not a strong effort, but it contained something in it to interest one, and as others followed, that interest increased, but all to no avail as far as personal knowledge went, it was always the same “LILIAN JUNE” that told me nothing, and only in some way suggested a tall, fair woman, and as such I pictured her. As such, I had commenced to feel my interest in her grow; to watch for the regular coming of her manuscript, and to study in the gradual growth and expansion of her peculiar powers. I had even forwarded her

several times words of encouragement, and now and then, perhaps, a brief line of advice and aid.

Thus had we grown to be friends in a certain restricted business way—to feel a sympathy with each other, and our lines of life were drawn closer together by our similarity of thought.

Yet all communication was simply with "LILIAN JUNE, City Post Office," and beyond the line of stone pillars which guard that edifice I found it impossible to go. Even now, with the picture she had sent, in my hands, I was scarcely any nearer than before. It was still the old assumed name, and her identity as much a mystery as ever. And I sat there in the short twilight of the Christmas evening looking on the face of my gift until the western sky grew dark, and nothing lit up the features but the fitful bursts of flame in the grate. Then I put it most carefully in an inner pocket, and felt my way slowly down the narrow, dark stairs out into the street, with the stars shining clear and cold overhead.

I wrote the next day and thanked her, but if I dreamed of anything more it was useless, for nothing came back in return to the office excepting the regular roll of neat manuscript, which I could only send down to the printer and have put in type.

And so the weeks of work rolled around into months, and it was summer time, and the corn grew yellow, and then came the cold autumn winds and swept aside the faded leaves, to bring us again upon the threshold of winter, with its snowy walks and icy air.

One morning I sat there again at the old table, sat there facing the old pile of *new* manuscripts, with a fair face floating before me in a mist of shadow; sat there dreaming a day-dream and

building castles of smoke until Joe, the office boy, suddenly interrupted my reverie by entering with a message.

I glanced hastily over the paper he held. My partner was seriously ill at his home in Somerset, and desired to see me without delay. A hasty glance at the time-card, and the next train bore me southward over the fair farms of Jersey. It was only the ride of an hour, and as very few moments sufficed for our business, it was but little after dark when I again stood upon the cold, bleak station platform of that little country village, anxiously waiting for the night train to carry me back to my more comfortable city quarters.

Five 'minutes, ten, fifteen passed slowly away, and swinging my hands about to keep warm, I walked up and down the narrow platform, and even practiced some athletic feats upon a ladder which stood leaning against the freight-house.

I took one last look down the track for the expected head-light, and then, as I turned back, had my attention attracted by a line of sparks flying out of a tall chimney belonging to a house just opposite me. They came forth in a perfect stream, would flare up separately for a moment, and then one by one melt away in the darkness. The wind seemed strong enough to bear them beyond harm, and I merely watched their falling from idle curiosity. But suddenly, as I looked, one larger than the others, unable to be carried by the light air, falls on the dry shingles of the roof, rolls along until near the edge toward me, then stops, smoulders a moment and bursts out into a tiny flame. I hear a quick, startled exclamation beside me. It is the switchman.

"My Heavens! Mrs. Chase's house is afire!"

Then, like a flash, I came to myself, and as I did so thought of the ladder against the freight-house.

"Here, men!" I shouted; "come with me!"

Together we grasped the heavy burden, and on a run staggered across the lines of track toward the house. "Faster, boys; don't lose any time," I cried out as we rushed in among the group that had now collected. "End her up!" and as they did so, I flung aside my heavy coat and prepared for the ascent.

"Better let me go, sir," whispered the old switchman. "I don't believe that ladder is very safe."

"It's my place," I answered hurriedly; "I weigh less than any of you. Hold the ends tight!" and I ran swiftly up the lower rounds. Then slower and slower I felt my way, for the old frame bent and cracked beneath my feet like a rotten stick.

It just reached the edge of the sloping roof, and just beyond my reach clung that blazing bit of wood, charring the shingles.

A little further—a little further! O, for something that I might cling to. Finally, I succeeded in working a shingle partially loose, caught a slight hold of it and straightened my body out over the roof, made one desperate reach forward, grasped the blazing fragment, and forgetting the pain, flung it with a backward movement over my head into the air.

One half-cheer broke from the throats blow, then a support of the lead gutter suddenly gave way, I lost my balance, my fingers slipped from their narrow hold, and I came back with full force upon the ladder. Crash! it gave way, and I was flung headlong out into

the air, and down upon the hard graveled walk below.

* * * * *

It was long, weary nights and days of pain that followed—of hideous dreams, of wild, childish vaporings, of delirium, and almost death!

What dreams—terribly real dreams, I had! What fearful pictures ever passing the scope of my disordered imagination, with their dark and light shadows!

Now some scene, weird and wild enough for the eternal punishment, only to fade into another of sunshine and beauty—while through them all floated, like a charm, the face of LILIAN JUNE. It could not be banished, but ever looked down upon me from a cloud of vapor that half hid, yet never wholly concealed, the features of the photograph. That womanly face, with gray eyes lighting it up, always smiling down to me out of the mist.

Finally, I slowly and painfully forced back the heavy eyelids, and looked about me. It was a low, wide room, with an indescribable look of comfort about everything. The white, soft coverlet of the bed on which I lay, the blazing wood-fire, and the cushioned arm-chair standing before it.

The great old-fashioned clock, with long swinging pendulum, ticking away in a distant corner; and the white curtains drawn aside to let the morning sun pour in at the window, and beyond which I could see some great trees bending under the glittering load of ice and snow.

With the faces of my dreams still clinging to my wandering brain, I clasped one hand over my burning temples, and rubbed my heavy eyes in perplexity.

"Where am I?" I unconsciously spoke aloud. I heard a brushing aside of

some curtains, a soft firm step upon the carpet, and turned my head over upon the pillow.

A young woman stood beside me, with the same gray eyes smiling into mine, the same heavy coils of hair, bound back by the narrow ribbon—it was the face of the photograph, the face of my disordered imagination, the face of Lilian June.

"Then I *am* dead!" I could not keep back the words, and my nurse laughed, and laid her soft, moist hand upon my forehead.

"Oh, no, Mr. Randall, I trust far from that," she answered, pleasantly. "Instead you are much better, and your fever is gone."

A current of air swayed back the heavy curtains just then and let the sunlight pour in over my bed, and she turned away to fasten it into place. I lay still watching her with all my wonder in my eyes.

"Then, where am I? Have I been here long?" I said at last, with an effort, for it hurt me yet to speak.

"You are here with mother and me—in our house," she said, coming back beside the bed. "Where you were hurt—don't you remember?"

I nodded, "Yes," looking straight upward into her face.

"You have been here a long, long time," she continued. "But you must not try to talk any more now; see if you can go to sleep."

Not waiting for my answer, she turned as if to go away. "Don't go, please!" I cried, weakly, touching her sleeve.

"Well, then. I will stay here, only you must try and sleep;" and she seated herself in a low rocking-chair, and commenced to do some sewing before the

fire. Presently she looked up, to see my eyes following her every motion.

"Come, come, this will never do," she said pleasantly: "I will go, and then I know you will sleep; and when you wake up again, I will come and talk with you." and she turned away toward the door.

"Please stop!" I cried out. "What is your name?" "Oh, is that all?" with a sunny smile. "It is Margaret Chase," and she closed the heavy door behind her very quietly, and all the house was still.

My mind was clearer now, and I greeted another figure, advancing toward me out of the shadows with a welcome smile. I ate with relish the few things they allowed me, and then listened to her telling the story of my sickness, and of how I had been nursed back into life.

I learned that the two women lived there alone, and that she, the younger, was a teacher in the schools. Listened patiently, until, worn out and tired, I again fell asleep, only to awaken when another day's sun brightened the room through the frosted window-glass. And so the days passed away, and I grew gradually better and stronger, until I fell at last into the habit of resting in the low easy-chair before the window, and looking down the street for Margaret to come home from school, and in long evenings of sitting with them—mother and daughter—by the bright wood fire, watching the blaze of flame light up her clear-cut face, and play hide-and-seek in the waving masses of her hair.

One night she came in with her cheeks red from the crisp air, and after supper said, as the chairs were being drawn up near the fire. "Not for me tonight. I must help trim the church,

for to-morrow, you know, is Christmas."

"Then may I not go with you?" I asked quickly.

"No it would not be safe—would it, mother?"

"I cannot leave it to any one, Miss Chase." I hastened to say. "Won't you help me into this overcoat?"

She did so without a word, and soon bundled up from the cold air, and leaning on her arm, I passed down the long street to the church, only to find it full of fine ladies, all busy, all talking and soon all coming to me for suggestions and advice.

It was a hard position to be placed in, but the excitement flushed my cheeks and gave me strength, until I was soon putting up evergreens as fast as the rest.

It was in truth a busy party, prattling here and there as they worked. Finally running out of other subjects, someone commenced telling what she expected sent her on the morrow, and of what she intended to give, and then they all took it up in turn.

"Now it's your turn, Mr. Randall!" cried out a merry blonde, from the chancel rail, as she held up to me a large wreath of evergreens.

"Confess, sir; what do you expect?"

"You expect something hard to answer," I replied, from my elevated position on the step-ladder. "Last year I expected nothing, and yet received a most valuable present."

"Oh, dear, what was it?" they cried in chorus, clustering about the steps.

"What was it?"

"Why, it was nothing but a photograph." I spoke the words rather loud, and looked over to where Margaret was working at something near the altar.

"A photograph of a remarkably lovely woman, and the only thing peculiar was that I had never met her, and did not know her name."

"I shouldn't call that a valuable present," whispered the blonde.

"No, nor I," I said; "and it would not have been—only I fell in love with the picture," and I saw the red flush mount in a sudden wave over the face that was partly turned aside, but she made no other movement to show that she caught the words and understood them. Without a syllable being spoken, we walked home together through the snow. Her little hand rested lightly upon my sleeve, but her face was pale and turned aside.

Silently down the quiet, deserted street, until we reached the house, and then as we halted at the door, she turned and faced me. There were tears glistening in her eyes, as she stood there in the moonlight, one hand still resting upon my sleeve.

"Mr. Randall," she said, very slowly, while I waited in astonishment for what was to follow, "I could not but overhear what you said tonight, and it pained me very much indeed. You know me to be Lilian June. You know I sent that picture a year ago. It was a girlish freak, regretted as soon as it was done. You do not respect me, but I beg of you do not bring it up so cruelly again."

I tried to speak, but with a movement, she stopped me, crying:

"No, no? Do not say anything more. I am not myself tonight," and she burst impulsively into tears.

What a demon or angel prompted me I know not, but as she turned, feeling blindly for the door, I obeyed the impulse, and suddenly bending forward caught her slender figure in my arms

and pressed my lips in one quick kiss to hers.

The next instant she had torn herself from my grasp, and I stood there in the snow and moonlight all alone.

In the morning at the breakfast table she was absent, and to my anxious inquiry, Mrs. Chase replied:

"Margaret has gone to the city—she will not return before evening."

"Then she is very angry with me," I thought, looking out into the Christmas landscape and listening to the one village bell in its greeting of the day.

"She means it to tell me to go away, but I must and will see her first."

How long that winter day seemed, with its hours of daylight.

In vain I endeavored to read; my eyes would wander from the printed page; and I finally gave it up in despair, and seating myself upon the edge of the window, looked out upon the dreary, snowy landscape stretching away to the distant hills, until the evening shadows began to lengthen along the snow, and it became dark.

"It is nearly train time," I said to the mother by the fire. "I will go over to the station and see your daughter safely home."

"There is no need. It is not far, and Margaret walks it often," she replied, looking up at me in a little wonder.

But I went out, after buttoning my overcoat close up to the chin, into the keen wind and swiftly eddying snow, and had to fairly feel my way in the darkness across the network of tracks, and on to the depot platform.

As I reached the low small freight-house my ears caught a sudden cry, at the further end. The words rivited my attention.

"It's no use, no use, they're gone!" someone said.

Drawn by the agony of the cry, I ran forward.

The old switchman and another stood together in the storm.

"What is it?" I shouted close in his ear.

With a white face he turned to me.

This man, a farmer, just got in, and says the weight of the snow has broken down the bridge at Snake river, and No. 4 is due in five minutes."

Horror-stricken I gasped:

"Can nothing be done?"

"No, nothing!"

"Telegraph, man it may be too late."

"We have no office here," and he dropped his head into his hands. He seemed fairly dazed in the face of such impending danger. Without a thought, I sprang forward, and grasped his lantern, standing there, and turning, started on a run down the track.

"It's no use—come back," he cried after me; but I sped onward, never looking back to where he stood in the blaze of the station lamp. But his words rang in my ears on the winter storm, "No use! No use!" Too late, too late to save the train my Margaret was on!—no it could not be too late—must not be too late! As I ran I flung aside my heavy overcoat, and relieved of its burden I swept onward like the wind.

I had been a famous runner in the old college days, and that early training stood me in good stead now.

The wind beat down upon me, driving the flying particles in my face, but I minded it not. The snow in cuts had drifted deep, but never waiting I breast-ed it, and kept on until coatless, hatless, and panting for breath, I stood at last in the storm beside the broken bridge. One moment I took to lash the lantern about my left arm with a pocket handkerchief, and the next grasp-

ing a broken timber, I swung myself off the bank into the darkness. With a dull, grinding sound the stick gave way; but as it fell I caught another, and worked along it until I stepped on a cake of ice, lodged and firm; leaning out from this, my fingers caught a piece of iron girding—cold and frosty, it tore the flesh from my hands, but I swung up it, hand over hand, until I felt my dangling feet strike something. It proved to be planking and along it I ran until suddenly I plunged off, waist-deep into the icy water.

Thank heaven! my lamp was safe and its light burning, and I waded onward, stumbling over *debris* of the wrecked bridge until I reached the other bank, and scrambled up it as best I might.

Onward I went, tripping and panting, down the straight track toward where the light glared out of the distance—the light of the coming train.

On over the piles of snow, blocking my passage with set teeth and uncovered hair flying out into the wind; on down the long track I ran swinging my lantern wildly in the air.

In that moment I thought of nothing excepting Margaret.

It was her train I tried to save. Onward, stumbling, yet ever onward. And as I ran the glowing light came closer and closer, the rails began to jar alongside me, and I could see the iron monster trembling in the light. One short, sharp whistle cuts the air! I hear the grating brakes! "Thank God! she is safe," I cried, and fell forward on my face in the snow. The train men found me lying there, and a dozen strong arms carried me back to the warm cars, and when in a few moments I opened my eyes and looked about me on the strange faces, they

asked me the trouble, and I told it as well as I could.

"Your deed, young man was heroic," some one said, warmly.

"No," I said it was only selfish, and I pushed myself out of the circle.

I did not seek Margaret—did not even try to see her. Why, I scarcely know, only I could not face her then.

They placed us in country sleighs an hour later, and drove us around to the station, and, as we were driven up by the platform, I saw her alight from the one ahead of mine, and, springing out intercepted her.

She was walking rapidly, and springing forward against the wind, did not notice me until I spoke her name.

"What! are you here?" she said simply.

"Yes, can it be you are sorry?" I asked.

She made no answer, and I went on, warmly, "Did you think I was coward enough to go away from you, and never say how much you have misunderstood me all this time?"

She still stood silent, pushing aside the snow with her feet.

"Will you accept my arm, Margaret?"

She took it, and we walked along together very slowly across the track and up to the door. Then as she turned to open it I said:

"Margaret, believe me when I say this: That I never knew you were 'Lilian June,' until last night, so that even had I wished to feel or display any disrespect toward you, the opportunity came too late —"

"Too late! How?" she interrupted.

"Because," I went on, "long before that time I had learned to love you for yourself, my darling!"

"Love me?"

"Yes, love you—love you with all the

strength of my heart; a love that gave me power to cross that river to-night, and 'flag' the train you were on "

"You—did you do that? and I thought you despised me."

And then, standing there under the shadow of the great elm, bending over the doorstep, standing there in the cool, crisp December air, with the white snow at our feet, and a merry church bell ringing in the distance, its Christmas chime, I told her the whole story, word for word, and she stood listening with eyes cast down.

When it was ended, I took from my pocket the photograph, and held it out to her.

"Here is the cause of it all," I said; "the picture of a year ago. May I keep it still?"

"If you wish," she whispered, gently.

"But that was my last year's present," I went on, taking her hands into mine. "Then you sent to me the shadow; now Margaret, I want your own dear self." Her eyes looked up into mine with all the love of the universe shining through her tears; her hand closed upon mine in perfect faith and hope. "Philip," she said, tenderly, "I give you everything I have—my love!"

And the great bell pealing and echoing over the snow, rang in the happiest Christmas of our lives, and stole beyond us into the house, where the gray haired mother sat waiting our return like a divine messenger of joy.

Zanora.

ANTIOCH IN SYRIA.

AN earthquake-shaken place is the city of Antioch in Syria, a picture of which is here presented. It is situated upon a small river, the Orontes, whose winding course is explained in mythology as having been formed by a snake-legged giant who was struck by a thunderbolt of Jupiter and sought to escape beneath the earth—the tradition being that his writhing tail threshed out the bed of the stream, whose source was the point where he finally succeeded in making his descent. Equally fantastic and nonsensical are many more of the stories connected with the city which comes down to us from ancient times; and although they are frequently amusing and interesting, they are hardly deserving of much notice at the hands of those who prefer to deal in facts and matters of real instruction.

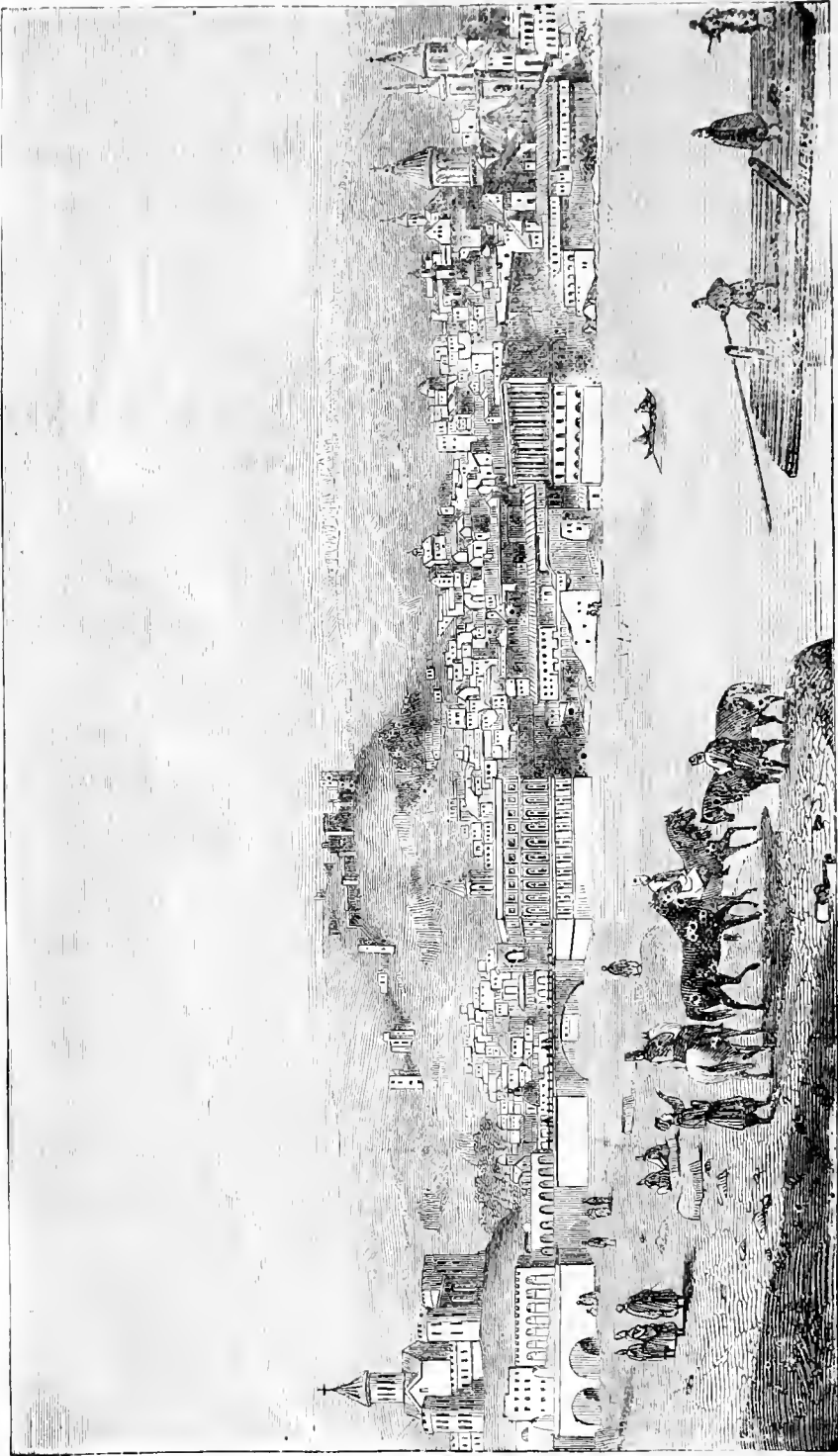
The features which impress one, therefore, as being of legitimate interest in the city referred to, are its great antiquity, the still remaining evidences of its beauty, and strength, and its fall. The ruined citadel crowns a hill called in olden times Mount Silpius, and walls of great extent and stability still attest the thoroughness of ancient masonry. It is nearly twenty-five hundred years since the town's foundations were laid, and within a few generations after its beginning, it was rated as inferior only to Rome and Alexandria in magnificence and opportunities of enjoyment. Pagan temples abounded in the vicinity. Within a few miles was the noted cypress grove of Daphne, and beautiful villas, splendid roads, hot springs and cool fountains made its suburbs delightful. Around a temple in the grove just mentioned was an enclosure to which criminals were wont to flee for safety when pursued; if

CUSTOMER: "What's the charge?"

Barber: "Twopence."

"Twopence? Why. I thought you only charged one penny for a shave?"

"Yes, sir; but, you see, you have a double chin."



ANTIOCH, SYRIA.

they could but reach its precincts, the right of asylum was accorded them.

Remains of the magnificent streets of the old city, with their columns and arches, are still faintly to be seen, and plainly to be viewed and admired are the ruins of a mighty aqueduct which was built to bring water from a distance for the citizens' use. Add to all these evidences of grandeur and prosperity a mild and healthful climate, and we shall easily see the reason for the great pride the people of Antioch had in their city. But it was ever threatened with a peril that more than neutralized all these advantages. Here occurred the first earthquake of which recorded history tells us—nearly a hundred and fifty years before the birth of the Savior. Within the next two or three centuries, a number of similar visitations followed. Each was destructive in its results, and tended to increase the curious superstition of the people, who, at one time, under the advice of a noted magician, erected a purple column in the center of the city to a supposedly angry heathen deity, and which the next earthquake promptly threw down. These troubles have continued at intervals during all the centuries since, in some instances causing enormous loss of life and the almost total destruction of the city. After its connection with the Roman empire, Antioch saw many seasons of high favor and splendid prosperity. It is said that some of the adornments from the Temple at Jerusalem were carried thither and set up by Titus, and a gorgeous church built by the Emperor Constantine is evidence that it was in his time a considerable center of Christianity. The Apostle Peter is reckoned as at one time a citizen of Antioch, and it was afterwards one of the most important "churches in

Asia." The Turks once possessed it, and the Crusaders effected its rescue; again it was taken by the Sultan of Egypt and thus of course it suffered severely as the shuttlecock of war, besides having been the scene of many revolts, rebellions and devastating uprisings of its own. It is now made up largely of squalid hovels of mud and straw, which tell an eloquent story as they nestle amid the ruins of a past glory; and its few inhabitants, deriving their sustenance from the product of a few mulberry trees and tobacco fields, give but a poor idea of a people at one time famed for their learning, progressiveness and wealth.

THE BRIGHAM YOUNG MEMORIAL MONUMENT.

Awake, my harp, thy slumbering strings,
And give to rapture all her sacred springs !
Soul-breathing lyre, awake ! arise !
And let thy notes ascend the skies !
Awake and with harmonious flow,
Let fire promethean flame and glow ;
Thy theme demands seraphic lays ;
How then shall thine enfeebled praise
Exalt their virtues, or thy pen
Extol those noble, brave-souled men,
Whose deeds of love self-sacrifice
Shall shine as sun in yonder skies,
Shall live throughout eternity
When time shall be a shoreless sea !

Awake ! and breathe inspiring flame,
My humble muse extol their fame ;
Immortal sons, heroic band !
Redeemers of a desert land ;
Where crystal streamlet sparkling flows
And blooms the desert as the rose.
Who dared oppression's fetters brave ;
And tossed on persecution's wave,
Were faithful to their God and true,
Though thick the shafts of envy flew ;
Dared brave the desert's span,
For love of God and fellowman.

Awake my muse—their praises sing,
Make mountains, hill and valley ring !
Bring olive branches, wave them high,
Ye sons of Zion, rend the sky
With shouts of praise, ay ! every one,
Come shout and shake Jehovah's throne !

All hail great leader Brigham Young!
 We would not leave thy praise unsung;
 A monument we rear to thee,
 Whereon to carve in memory;
 Emblazoned on the shaft of fame,
 Eternally thy magic name!
 What need have ye of temple spire,
 Or marble shaft with words of fire
 Inscribed to thee? thy name divine,
 On through shall endless ages shine!
 Yet 'tis but fitting we should rear
 This monument in memory dear
 Of thy great name, though weak the gift,
 This feeble pile which doth uplift
 Its marble front, yet 'tis but just,
 We should uprear this bronzed bust;
 Perpetuating thy great name,
 Before the world on shaft of fame!
 Kings shall doff their crowns to thee!
 And nations praise thy memory;
 And all the world shall hymn thy praise,
 Thou prophet-king of latter days!

E.C. Robinson.

PERUVIAN SEPULCHRES.

At the foot of a high mountain which rises from the shore of a small bay called Chacota, to the south of Arica, are a great number of ancient sepulchres. These are covered over like the adjacent soil with a species of earth very much impregnated with salt; and to this may be doubtless attributed the preservation of this memento of the unhappy aborigines of the country. In 1700 several of these sepulchres were examined by Don Felipe Bauza, a captain in the Spanish navy, who found the greater part of the bodies in an entire condition, but withered to a skeleton, covered with a dark brown skin, and the hair of some quite of a red color. The niches in which they were deposited were generally cut out of the stone from four to five feet in length, some being rudely carved and having at the bottom a mat made of rushes. The bodies were placed on this mat, the same attitude being generally observed in all. They were seated cross-legged,

with the hands placed over the breast, and so contracted as to occupy the least possible space. Others were seated with their knees bent up near the mouth, the hands likewise being crossed over the breast, and all placed with their faces toward the west. The body of a young man was taken out that had been wrapped in cloth, and his features were still distinct; that of a woman was also examined, whose hair was in perfect preservation. It was half a yard in length and divided into two parts. Some of the bodies were wrapped in a sort of coarse woolen cloth from the head to the feet, the mouth being tied up; others were wrapped in coarse nets made of "pita," and all of them had a small bag hung around the neck, which was found at the time to contain nothing but earth and dust, whatever it might originally have been. Various little pots made of clay were found around the bodies, and some larger ones of curious form. In addition to these, some fragments, apparently of plates, an ear of corn, some pita, and other trifling articles were found; also some small pieces of copper cut in the shape of coins. In Ylo and other parts of this coast, the sepulchres are common.

"How noble, how delightful is your work, oh children of glory!" cried the roses, admiringly, to the sunbeams; "wherever you come, the most fragrant odors float on the air, and all the field rejoices."

"Not 'wherever we come,'" answered the sunbeams; "look at the nauseous steam rising from yonder mass of decay, and remember that while we heighten the excellence we draw forth from you and such as you, the vile only show themselves viler under our influence."

THE . . .
Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER 15, 1894.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

The Word of Wisdom.

AT a Sunday School Conference held lately, remarks were made upon the importance of self-denial—the children were urged to exercise it, and not use tea and coffee, tobacco and strong drink. The advantages of taking this course, were ably and impressively set forth, and the children were shown how much better they would be, how much more noble their characters would be, and how much more acceptable they would be to the Lord because of obeying the Word of Wisdom which He has given concerning these articles.

These remarks suggested a train of thought. Undoubtedly self-denial is an excellent quality, and one that all should practice. Our natures, appetites and inclinations should be controlled. A child should be taught self-denial in many directions besides these that have been mentioned. In fact, to be pure in the sight of the Lord great self-denial is required throughout life, in order to bring everything into proper subjection to the law of the Lord and the requirements of His Gospel. The body and its appetites and desires must be brought into subjection to the spirit. It is for this purpose that a probation is granted to us on the earth, so that we may by obedience to law make our bodies fit tabernacles for the Holy Ghost to dwell in, and in this manner prepare it for a glorious resurrection

and a residence, in an immortal condition, in the presence of the Lord.

But concerning the Word of Wisdom!

If we could impress the children of our Church with our views and desires, it would be to have them never touch tea, coffee, tobacco, or intoxicating drinks of any kind, so that they would never know the taste of these articles and their natures would never crave them. We take the ground that unless a taste be acquired for these articles, no one would have any inclination to touch them—that is, there would be no craving for them. If our wish could prevail, the greatest care would be taken by all who have charge of the young to keep from them such articles as these; to let them never taste, even in childhood, tea or coffee, much less strong drink; and to impress upon them as they grow up the importance of abstaining entirely from these things. If this were done, and the children were brought up free from the taste of such articles the exercise of self-denial would never be needed. We only need self-denial to refuse those things that we have a taste and an inclination for. The quality that would be required under such circumstances, and it is one that we would like to see prevail among the children of the entire Church, is self-control—to control themselves so that they would never allow themselves to taste any of these things.

The Editor's own experience enables him to assure all his readers that if they never tasted these articles they would have no inclination to taste them, and all they would have to do throughout their subsequent lives would be to exercise self-control so as not to taste them.

To our mind this is most desirable. If this course were taken by parents in the bringing up of their children, and

then it were followed by the children themselves, an immense amount of talk that is now given concerning the observance of the Word of Wisdom would be saved. Persons thus brought up would have no more inclination to drink strong drink, or even tea and coffee, than they would have to drink kerosene oil. The smell of tobacco, the smell of liquor, the smell of tea and coffee would not inspire them with a craving for any of these articles. On the other hand, if they had tasted them, or acquired a taste for them, then the smell would revive the recollection of the taste, and self-denial would be required to resist the inclination to practice.

It seems to us a disgrace to the Latter-day Saints to stand in need of so much preaching, exhortation, remonstrance and warning as we hear from time to time concerning the observance of the Word of Wisdom. It is sixty-one years since the Lord gave that revelation, and several generations have grown to manhood and womanhood in the time, and yet our ears are wearied today by hearing the frequent talks there are upon this subject. And the sorrowful part of it is that these talks are just as much needed apparently as they ever were in the Church. All that has been said upon this subject, so far as very many are concerned, seems to have been said in vain. Is not this disgraceful? And how shall it be remedied? In what way can this evil be reached so that it will at least be confined to those who are willfully disobedient or who have acquired these habits before joining the Church? Our reflections suggest to us that the true and perhaps the only thorough way in which it can be reached is to follow the suggestions we make in this article. We must commence with the children.

We must keep them from touching these things while they are young, and as they grow up impress them constantly with the injurious effects which follow their use, and have them understand the counsels which the Lord Himself has given respecting them. In this way, it seems to us the desired end may be reached—at least with the greater part of the rising generation, who themselves will be on the stage of action in a few years, and by their good habits and example be able to create such a public opinion against the use of these articles that those who indulge in them will feel ashamed of their habits. Let us not go on for sixty more years pursuing the same path that we have done, and being appealed to constantly, especially at our conferences, until the words of the Elders upon this subject become tiresome to the people.

It is not infrequently the case that mothers let their children sip the tea and coffee which they themselves drink. They think this is very innocent. They do not apparently perceive that by doing this they are creating in their little children a taste for these beverages which may prove a plague to them throughout the rest of their lives. But this is the fact, and while children are permitted to drink these beverages the necessity will still continue year after year, generation after generation, for the preaching about the Word of Wisdom that we have referred to. Then when children grow up, they have to be appealed to, to exercise self-denial; whereas they should never be under the necessity of exercising self-denial. It should be only self-control—such control as will cause them always to refrain from tasting or touching these articles.

CAT-TAIL FARM.

III.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 740.]

MR. ADAMS was again compelled to go back to his last and leather. He began to realize that his farming was a failure. It took all he could earn to run the farm and live. Mrs. Adams labored on unceasingly. Lucy said little. Nora expressed her views on matters and things. Frank was discouraged when he saw the neighbors' fields and compared them with their own. Ed. herded the cows and reveled in the sloughs, and surveying and building tiny canals along the hillsides, playing farming on a small scale.

The season advanced and autumn saw the salt-grass browned and the white stretches of alkali become black again by the rains.

The harvest at Cat-tail Farm consisted of three loads of lucerne; one-half load of wheat which the chickens thrashed; ten bushels of corn with fodder enough to feed the cows a few weeks; six bucketsfull of small potatoes which Frank dug for the pig; a dozen eatable watermelons; twenty-three, by actual count, half-grown radishes; a few bunches of lettuce, "salted, ready for the table" remarked Nora. Yes, salt-grass and cat-tails were still the chief products.

"One of us must go out to work," said Lucy to Nora. "We can't both go, as mother is not well enough to be left alone."

"Well, you stay and I'll get a place in town. I don't want to stay here."

They talked it over with mother, who agreed with them that one ought to go, but would rather it be Lucy.

"O, mother," cried Nora, "I must go. 'Twill just be my chance, and I do want to take lessons on the organ."

"There, Nora, you mustn't let self creep out so," said her mother. "Can't you understand that we must think of pulling together and get out of our straits. Father does all he can, but you know work is slack. You girls need clothes. Now, let Lucy go and she will help you and all of us what she can."

"I will, too, mother."

"But you're too young, Nora."

Lucy remained silent, but when she saw her sister struggling with the lump in her throat she remarked: "I'll stay at home, mother; you'd better let Nora go."

Next time Clarence Rose came to the farm Mrs. Adams had a confidential chat with him. Clarence was such a frank, honest fellow that she could easily ask his advice about a place in town for Nora.

"Yes, there are plenty such places," said he, "but don't you think that Lucy would fare better in the city?" Clarence was watchful of the younger sister's welfare.

Mrs. Adams explained.

"And now, Mr. Rose," she continued, "you'll keep an eye on her, won't you, and help her all you can? You know the dangers of city life."

"I'll do what I can, Mrs. Adams," and he smiled as he said it, "but Miss Nora may not take my advice."

"O, we'll risk that."

So, one cold day Nora packed her satchel and rode to town with Clarence on his cart. Lucy watched them through the attic window, watched them drive through the rolling hills of sage-brush until they were but a moving speck in the distance. Then all she could see was a small cloud of dust following the gray streak which was the road to town. The wind blew cold.

A cloud stretched its white folds along the summits of the mountains east of the city, and Lucy wondered whether there would be another mountain wind. The last one had shaken the house terribly. Even the dust was gone now and they were out of sight. She would have liked to have gone to town. How hard she would have worked, and mother should have had every cent of the money. She would have kept just enough to have got herself a new dress, and perhaps some new trimmings on her hat—then mother should have had the rest. Mrs. Smith's, the procured place, was in the Second Ward. *He* lived in that ward, too. He was president of the Y. M. M. I. A., she had heard, and no doubt they had fine 'joint sessions. Mrs. Smith was easy with her girls, and she should have gone to all the meetings. But there was Nora, who wouldn't appreciate it, who would spend all her money, and perhaps act silly with him. He would no doubt call on her, and——.

"Lucy, Lucy, you're bread's ready to go into the oven."

Nora worked in the city all winter. She economized fairly well, and helped her sister and mother to many needed articles. Once in a while she rode out to the farm with Clarence, and one day when sleighing was fine, a whole party came, a jolly, laughing lot of them. What a lot of fine people Nora had become acquainted with, and everybody could see that Clarence and Nora were paired. Of course they kept company, etc., etc. Well, Nora was a pretty girl, and as good and intelligent, as the average I guess.

Winter was long and dreary to the dwellers at Cat-tail Farm. Spring came at last, and with it renewed life in, at least, the grass and rushes. One day

Clarence Rose made a proposition to Mr. Adams.

"I want a pasture, you want a farm," said he. "Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll take your eighty acres of grass and slough, and fence it to pasture, and give you in return fifteen acres of good farming land adjoining your house. What do you say?"

Blessed young man! What could the hard-worked father say? After consulting with his family, Mr. Adams accepted the proposition and soon active farming operations were begun again. The land was good, needing but cultivation. Half of it was cleared that spring. A young orchard was set out, only the best of the old trees being transplanted. An acre of strawberries was planted. Prospects brightened. Clarence Rose seemed to take as much interest in his neighbor's farm as his own. Nora was yet in town and Lucy worked like one of the boys in the garden. With the change there came new life, new hopes and activity to Cat-tail Farm.

IV.

The store was late in closing that Saturday night and it was eleven o'clock before Clarence got away. He was on his cart driving out to the farm.

After a week's confinement to the very limited space between counter and shelves, what a pleasure to get out into the open country and feel the air circulating around you! The moon shone in a clear sky, making the night beautiful. He rattled across the bridge and out over the long stretches of brush. He took long breaths of the invigorating air. The electric lights of the city shone out like a cluster of stars, come to make earth a visit.

Clarence whistled a tune to keep himself company. He was light-hearted,

thinking of his future prospects. His farming operations were going on finely, and he was soon to quit the store and take charge himself. The rafters of his new house could be seen even now in the moonlight.

He crossed the new canal, stopping to give his horse a drink. Cat-tail farmhouse lay just before him. There was a light in the attic window, and he wondered what it meant, as it was now past midnight. To the right stretched Mr. Adams' corn field, the broad, green leaves reaching head-high and rustling in the midnight breeze. As Clarence drove up the bank, he saw a figure walking along the bank towards him. Suddenly, he was observed and the person quickly stepped into the corn and was hidden. Clarence stopped his horse. He wondered who could be prowling around this time of the night. He had heard that some of the neighboring fields had been disturbed lately, and this might be one of the intruders. He fastened his horse and went along the bank, grasping his whip if there should be any need of using it. At the point where the figure disappeared, he peered into the field but could see nothing. He examined the tracks in the wet sand and found them to be of a large man's boot. The fellow's actions were suspicious, and Clarence would like to find him out, so he followed the tracks into the field. Instantly there was a rustling of the leaves, a short distance away, and Clarence quickened his steps. He stepped on a hoe which he picked up as a good weapon. The rustle kept just ahead of him, so on he went, dodging around the corn hills and speeding down the rows. The chase became exciting. A little water and mud did not matter. There, he caught sight of him not two rods away.

The fugitive suddenly stopped at the edge of the corn field, and stood close in to the last row, as if awaiting in ambush for his pursuer. Clarence also stopped and grasped his hoe tightly.

"Who's there? Who is it?" enquired Clarence.

He got no answer, so he quietly advanced. When within a few paces, the figure stepped out into the moonlight and reaching out a hand said:

"Won't you please give me my hoe, Mr. Rose, as I must see to the water?"

Clarence recoiled as though he had been attacked by a highwayman. "Why, why," he stammered. "I thought—what are you doing here?"

"Watering, of course. What are *you* doing here at this time of the night?"

Clarence did not answer but stepped up. There stood Lucy Adams in her father's rubber boots, a straw hat in her hand, with her hair hanging in confusion, and her face flushed with the race. There was a half-plagued, half-pleased expression on her face.

"And is it you, Lucy? What did you run for?"

"Because you ran after me."

"But you knew me, didn't you?"

"Yes, but—here, give me my hoe, please; the water is running to waste."

"But what are you doing here? Where's the boys?"

"They've gone to the canyon for wood."

"And your father?"

"He's not well tonight."

"And you're irrigating for him?"

"Yes, I'm watering, can't you see? You'll please give me the hoe. Our turn will be up at one o'clock, and I've the melons to water yet."

Clarence gave her the hoe, and they walked together to the ditch where the water was directed to the melons. He

laughed to himself when he thought of their race.

The melons were well watered, for two pairs of hands, even with but one hoe, must be better than one.

* * * * *

It was sometime in September, the last week, I think, when Clarence called at the farm, and all were absent except Mrs. Adams and the baby. Mrs. Adams was sitting in the shade of the house cleaning fruit for preserving. Clarence came and took a proffered chair, helping himself to a peach.

They chatted a while on this and that.

"Mrs. Adams," said Clarence, and he cleared his throat and spoke with unusual hesitancy, "there's a matter I wish to speak to you about. I have mentioned it to Mr. Adams and he has no objections——"

Mrs. Adams was, at least, two minutes in getting a stone from a peach.

"As you know," he continued, "I am going to farm myself after awhile, and my new house is nearly ready to move into. Now, of course, I can't keep house alone, and—and—" The foolish man acted as though he had a peach stone in his throat—"and your daughter has kindly consented to help me in the matter, with your consent, of course."

"She's quite young and inexperienced, Mr. Rose," answered Mrs. Adams; "but her work in town has no doubt helped her in that, and of course I have no objection. Nora is at heart a good girl, and I hope will make you a good wife. I have Lucy to help me here——"

"But, Mrs. Adams, you're mistaken. It's not Nora I want, it's Lucy."

"Lucy!"

"Yes, Lucy."

"Lucy!" And Mrs. Adams stared at Clarence as if she was looking into space.

Nephi Anderson.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Early Influences All-Important—Habit Has Strong Cords.

No organization in our Church has greater power for usefulness than our Sunday Schools. It is their province and within their power to mould and form the character of the future Latter-day Saints. To the Sunday Schools is entrusted a material which is plastic and easily impressed; and the shaping of the future of the people who shall be upon the stage of action is largely committed to them. The difference between the low, degraded Indian, whom we see occasionally in our streets, and the enlightened, highly-cultivated and noble specimen of humanity, lies in the training which each has received.

Those who became Latter-day Saints when they were adults were the products of a certain system of training which was the outgrowth of centuries of wrong traditions and practices. With all due respect to our fathers and mothers, they are not the patterns in every regard which our children should copy; for, however much men and women may strive to overcome incorrect training and habits, they are not the perfect characters that we would like our children to be. These should be, under the influence of the truths which God has revealed, a more perfect race—a race free to a very great extent from those habits and conditions which fetter the growth and development of those who have been trained under the

old systems. It may take several generations of careful training completely to emancipate our people from the effect of these incorrect ideas and practices which they have inherited. But there should be a steady upward march. Each generation should be an improvement on its predecessor. There are serious difficulties to contend with and to be overcome to bring about perfection. There are not only the traditions and the incorrect habits of which I speak, but there are the examples and evil influences which surround us as a people, and to which we are more or less exposed, notwithstanding the fact that God has commanded us to gather together and to sever our connection with Babylon. One of the objects of this gathering is to furnish a means of escape from the calamities and destructions which are coming upon the inhabitants of the earth, and also that we may be a purer and a more perfect people and obtain full emancipation from the evils that abound in the world.

Superintendents and teachers of Sunday Schools should themselves be persons of clear conception concerning what a Latter-day Saint should be. They should have high ideals. They should embody in their own characters, to the greatest possible extent the principles which they teach, so that they will lift the children up and point out to them such a high and pure life that its effect upon them will be to arouse their ambition to attain to those perfections.

A good deal is being done at the present time to train Sunday School teachers, and no doubt these efforts will be attended with excellent effects. But while I would not lessen the value of training of this character, I attach far

higher importance to other matters than I do to technical training. There are some things which should be taught to children with the heart, and which should be accompanied by the Spirit and power of God. These teachings can be given without a knowledge of psychology or pedagogy. Even the knowledge of grammar is not entirely essential to qualify the teacher to impart them. They are the importance of purity of thought and life, correct habits, and everything that furnishes the child with a good, solid moral endowment. Of course, where the teacher possesses the spirit and other qualifications to teach these truths in so convincing a manner as to fill the souls of the children with a desire to be pure, it is no drawback for that teacher to be a good pedagogue, or to understand psychology or any other science. But I would like to see the highest importance attached to the proper training of our children in everything that goes to make a good Latter-day Saint in the truest sense of that term. If this be properly done throughout all our schools, we shall have a high type of men and women in a few years.

There are not far from 70,000 children and teachers in our Sunday Schools. What an army! And accessions are constantly being made to it. If every one of these souls should receive proper training, be fully imbued with the Spirit of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus, and be trained in those habits which are necessary in the character of a perfect Saint, what an influence will accompany them! how the generation will be improved! how thoroughly a higher type of manhood and womanhood will be developed! Do I attach too much importance, therefore, to the power of the Sunday School

and its effect upon the character of the future Latter-day Saints?

This work of making the people perfect may be delayed through our inattention, through our want of capacity, through our not using the agencies at our command. But it must be pushed forward, in order to obtain the results which are indispensable if we would be the people that the Lord designs the Latter-day Saints to be. The work is before us. It has to be accomplished, and we may as well apply ourselves to the labor with intelligence and zeal, having constantly in view the kind of people we are contributing to make, and which must be made sooner or later through the agencies that we have at present at our command.

Recurring again to the Indian--he is the product of his training; and the Catholic, the Episcopalian, the Methodist, the Baptist, and the members of the other denominations, as well as those who profess no religion, are all the product of their training. The Latter-day Saint is the product of his training, and as the training varies among us, so are the characters. We shall doubtless have our different types of character among ourselves; but it is the duty and labor of the Sunday Schools to make these characters as perfect as possible.

The Editor.

It was midnight, and an impassioned lover knelt at the feet of his heart's choice, and exclaimed—

"Gerty, I will do anything in this world to make you happy."

"Do you mean it, George?"

"I do, I do, darling."

"Then, for goodness' sake, go home and let me go to bed."

ALLIE'S CHRISTMAS.

It was a bleak winter night on the 24th of December. All day it had been snowing very fast, and now it was coming down in fine, half-frozen drops. A cutting wind was blowing, which howled and whistled down the narrow streets and around the corners of the large buildings.

On the corner of a street stood a little girl. She was bare-headed, dressed in rags, and had neither shoes nor stockings on her feet.

After standing there for a moment she gathered a ragged shawl tighter around her and started to walk slowly down the street. After walking a short distance she came to a high fence.

Going behind this she found that it partly shielded from the cruel wind, and also from the eyes of the passers-by.

As soon as she was alone she sank down in the snow, saying to herself, "What shall I do? All day I have been wandering, while the snow fell, and the wind pierced me through and through, begging from door to door for a crust of bread. Shall I go home to my father? No, he will beat me if I don't take him something. O, what a cruel, cruel world this is!" After a pause she said, "I will try it once more, and then I must go to father, let him beat me if he will, for I cannot stand this cold wind much longer."

She arose from the snow and once more wandered down the crowded street.

After walking a short distance she paused before a large house, where the light of a cheerful fire shone through the windows.

Opening the gate and going up the steps, she knocked timidly on the door.

A servant answered the knock.

"Please will you," she began.

But she did not finish, for the

woman, without a word, pushed her from the steps and closed the door.

Thus she had been treated all day, and now overcome, she again sank down in the snow. But it was only for a moment, for the cutting wind forced her to move on.

This time she walked many, many blocks, and paused as before in front of a large house. The shutters were not closed and she crept softly up to one of the windows and looked in. By the hearth where a cheerful fire blazed sat a lady. She was beautifully dressed, and to the poor little beggar, who had never heard of anything but wickedness, her face seemed like something that did not belong to this world. If she had ever heard of angels she would have thought her one. Around her were grouped three children. She was telling them a story, but Allie—that was her name—could not hear what she was saying.

Allie gazed in at the window for a few moments and then said to herself, "She has such a kind, loving face, and with all she has, she surely will not refuse a starving beggar a crust of bread."

She left the window and went to the back door, hoping that this lady would answer her knock.

But it was not so. A servant answered it, and she was treated as before.

"Shall I try it once more?" she said to herself. But it started to snow again, and the wind seemed to blow harder than ever.

"No" she said with a shudder, "I will go home." After walking a long distance she stopped before a large, dirty building. "Home at last," she said. "I wonder if I can get in without

father seeing me?" She crept softly down a flight of stairs and entered.

Was this home? It was a dirty cellar, very small, and so dark that one could not see what was before him. In one corner was a heap of rags that served as a bed, and in another was a broken chair. O, how thankful we ought to be for our beautiful, comfortable homes!

On the chair sat a wicked, savage-looking man. On a box near him stood an empty beer bottle, and in his mouth was a large pipe.

Allie crept softly down the steps, hoping that she could creep into one of the dark corners and then out again in the morning before her father awoke.

The stairs were dark, and when she got to the last step she kicked a piece of broken bottle, making such a noise that it awoke her father from a deep sleep.

"You've got here at last," he growled; "what have you brought?"

Allie did not answer.

"O, I see," he continued. "Come home empty-handed again. Well, you'll make up for it."

"Father," she said, "don't be so angry. It was awful cold, and I begged all day."

"Never mind excuses," he said. "You'll make up for this. Tomorrow if you don't bring home enough to make up for them two days that you've come home empty-handed, I'll break every bone in your body." And after striking her several times with a stick he had in his hand, he threw her upon the heap of rags.

She lay there for a few moments wondering whether it was better in that cellar, that she called home, or out in the wind and snow; then arranged the

raggs more like a bed, and soon forgot her troubles in sleep.

Evening came again. Bells were ringing, telling of the joy that filled every soul. Not every soul, for there were people who never heard of anything but misery; there were children who had never heard of Him whose birthday the wealthy were celebrating. It was Christmas day, and to Allie the same as any other. She had never heard the beautiful story of our Savior, and had never heard of anything but wickedness.

Tonight, the same as any other, she was out in the streets begging from house to house, yet none had pitied her or given her so much as a crust of bread.

She remembered what her father had said the night before, and was afraid to go home.

"It ain't snowing now," she said. "I will get behind that high fence; it won't be very cold there. I'd rather do that than go home."

To get to this fence she had to pass the house where she had looked in at the window the night before.

The shutter was open. Some time before, when a servant was sweeping she had forgotten to close one of the windows, which was open about four inches. Creeping up to this Allie, as the night before, looked in.

The same lady was sitting by the fire, and the same three children grouped around her. In the center of the room was a large Christmas tree, decked with more toys than she had ever seen before.

Putting her ear close to the open window she could hear what they were saying within. The lady was telling the story of Christ. She told it so simple that even the poor little beggar

could understand, yet so beautiful, so tender. After telling them of His life and death, she told them that He is willing to forgive the wicked, that He watched over all His children, that He blessed those who tried to do right, and that those who never heard of Him, and who did not know the difference between right and wrong, He was waiting to take in his arms and carry them safely back to His heavenly home.

As she ceased she turned to her children. All had tears in their eyes. And if it brought tears to the eyes of those children who had heard it scores of times, what did it seem to Allie, who had never heard of anything but wickedness and misery?

Was it true that there was a Person who was watching over her, and who was waiting to take her to His home? Did He care for a wicked little beggar? Would He forgive her? It all seemed so strange.

After a few moments the lady arose and left the room. When she returned she said, "Come, children, it is time to say our prayers."

As the children prepared to kneel around her she said, "Do you know who we are talking to when we pray?" The youngest of the three answered, "Yes, mamma, to God."

"That is right," said their mother. "When we are talking to Him He hears us just as much as our earthly fathers do. He loves to give us what we ask for, if it is a good thing, and is pleased when we do what is right."

The children knelt around her and said their evening prayers. When they arose from their knees Allie said, "That kind Person's name is God."

The children have been talking to Him. I wonder if he would hear a poor little beggar like me? It wouldn't

hurt to try. It's awful cold here, and I'd love to go to His beautiful home."

As she said this she knelt down and clasped her hands as she had seen the children do.

"Our Father," she began, remembering what the children had said "who art——"

She had forgotten what came next. She was puzzled, and rose on her feet wondering what to do. But after thinking for a few moments, she forgot all about the children, about everything, and falling on her knees and clasping her hands as before said, "Our Father, I don't know what you are, but if there is a Person who is kind, and who watches over the people, and who cares for a poor little beggar like me, who is willing to forgive me of all my sins, if there is a Person, take me out of this cold, cold street to your lovely home that the lady has been talking about. The lady said that you would take everybody in your arms and carry them to your home. If it is true, take me to your home. Amen."

As she arose to her feet the children started to sing a hymn. Their voices rang out clear and sweet, filling Allie's soul with joy and happiness.

As their voices rang out through the clear winter air, she sank lower and lower in the snow, and even before the song was ended her prayer was answered. She had gone from this world of weariness, misery and sorrow into the next, where there is no sin nor sorrow, and where it is all bright and happy, there to pass the remainder of her Christmas with God.

Blanche Thomas. Age 14 years.

A good omen frequently lies increased in dark clouds.

BUY YOUR OWN CHERRIES.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 737.)

ON the Saturday when the bell rang and John went to the office for his wages he felt a thrill of joy run through him after receiving them, and retired to a quiet corner of the workshop. Looking at the sovereign and a half which lay in his hand, he said, "It is many a long day since I could say that ye both belonged to me; and now I have got ye. I'll take good care that I don't part with ye unless I get plenty out of ye;" and clasping his hand, and putting it and its contents into his pocket, you might have heard him say, "I'll buy my own cherries, that I will."

Mary was much pleased to see him return even sooner than the week before (for reasons known to our reader), and soon placed the tea before him, and while bustling about the room, and doing her best to keep the children quiet, she felt almost inclined to say how pleased she was, but checked herself, lest he might, when giving her the money stop some for the last week's mistake.

When he had nearly finished his meal, he said, "Here, Mary, you'll be wanting to go a-marketing directly, I suppose; there's the money," throwing it into her lap. Her heart was ready to sink when she felt the money fall. "Ah," she thought, "he has soon stopped the overplus of last week;" but, thinking by the light of the fire it looked rather yellow, she went to the window (for it was a narrow street in which they lived, where the daylight never fairly entered the room except by accident, or when a streak of sunlight shot its ray down among them.) "Can it be possible?" she thought a sovereign and a half!" while an utterance of surprise escaped from her, as she said in a whisper, "Is all this for me, John?"

"Yes," said John, "and I hope you will spend it well."

"I hope," said Mary, trembling, "you haven't done anything wrong to get so much, John?"

"No, my lass," said John, while his heart trembled with emotion, "I have done wrong long enough, and I am going to do right for the future."

"But," said Mary—

"Never mind, now," said John, "get your bonnet and shawl, and let us both go to market."

Mary did not need a second order to get ready, all the while wondering how it was to be accounted for; resolving, however, while she was tying her strings, that she would quietly wait until John thought proper to give her an explanation; so, after bidding Sally and Tommy take care of the other children and the house, they went on their way. John then briefly told her the decision he had come to, and hoped she would forgive him for the past, and help him to do better for the time to come; to all of which Mary listened with trembling, yet joyful interest. Their conversation was soon interrupted by their approaching the first place that they should call at, which was the butcher's; who, when he saw them coming together, ceased crying, "What will you buy?" for, thought he, "they won't want much: a small joint that everybody else leaves, or some pieces in yonder corner at four pence a pound will suit them;" so he commenced looking at his stock of meat with his back towards John and Mary.

He was aroused from his reverie by hearing John's voice, "I say, governor, what's this leg of mutton a pound?" and looking round he saw John in the act of handling a piece of meat of that description.

"The idea of your asking such a question!" thought the butcher; but in a moment he said, "Eight pence!"

"Take it down, and see what it weighs," said John.

"Yes," said the butcher, thinking to himself, "I'll weigh it, and that will be enough for you, I know. It weighs just eight pounds, and comes to five shillings and fourpence." Now you are done, he thinks.

"I'll have it," says John.

"Yes," thinks the butcher, "when you've paid for it."

"Here, Mary," said John, "give him the money."

Mary pushed her finger inside her old glove, and brought out the sovereign, and laid it on the butcher's block just as carefully as if she was afraid of rubbing the gold dust off.

The butcher watched every movement, and thought that all this care was to be regarded as a sign of deception, and that the money was bad; so, taking it up quickly, he bounced it hard upon the block to test its quality, but when its ring assured him that all was right, in a moment his face changed its expression, and his voice its tone while he said with great politeness:

"Can I send it home for you sir? and is there any other article, beef, pork, etc.," while the change rested meantime between his fingers.

"No," said John, feeling rather vexed, "nothing else tonight."

"Thank you, sir; let me see, you live at No. 20 Broad Street, don't you?"

"Yes," said John; and upon Mary taking up the change they passed out from the shop.

It is not necessary for us to follow them round to the other places; it is only right to say that each shop-keeper was surprised and pleased to receive

larger orders and more money than usual, and, as a matter of course showed them an extra amount of politeness.

Meanwhile the children at home had their talk about the matter.

"How funny," said Tommy, "to see father and mother go out to market together!"

"Yes," said Sally, "isn't it?"

"I wonder," said Tommy, "whether anybody that father knows has died and left him some money." And with similar childlike talk they were engaged, when a sharp rap at the door disturbed them.

Sally went to the door, and there stood a butcher-boy with a basket and a leg of mutton in it.

"Does Mr. Lewis live here?" said the boy.

"No," said Sally, "there is no one of that name lives here."

"It's strange," said the boy, "I was told this was the house: isn't this No. 20?"

"Yes," said Sally, "this is No. 20, but no one of that name lives here."

"Well, who does live here?" said the boy.

"My father and mother, and us," said Sally.

"And what's you father's name?" said the boy.

"They call him Jack Lewis," said Sally.

"Well, that's the same man; Mister and Jack's all the same," said the boy, "and here's a leg of mutton for him."

"Oh, I'm sure you're wrong," said Sally. "We never have such things as them come to our house."

"But I tell you it's all right," said the boy, "and it's paid for."

"Well, if it's paid for, but I'm sure you'll have to come and fetch it back again," said Sally.

"Oh, it will be all right," said the boy, and away he went.

"Isn't it a whopper!" said Tommy; "only fancy if this was ours, wouldn't we have a tuck in for dinner?" and the little fellow danced about the room for joy; and while he was cutting his capers (not for the mutton sauce) in this manner, another knock was heard at the door.

"Here he comes, shall I bring it?" said Tommy. But, on opening the door, a baker's boy presented himself with three large loaves.

"Does Mr. Lewis live here?" said the boy.

"Well," said Sally, thinking it strange, "my father's called Jack Lewis, if that's him."

"All right, here's these loaves for him." "Are they paid for?" said Sally.

"Yes," said the boy; "come, make haste."

"Well, I'll take 'em in, being as how they are paid for, but we never have such big loaves as them, and I'm sure you'll have to fetch 'em back again; there's a mistake somewhere."

"There, that's all fudge," said the boy and off he went.

"Ain't them busters?" said Tommy; "see, sister, they are new and well baked, too, ain't they? Only fancy if they was ours wouldn't we make a hole in them soon?"

And again he started off with a dance and a shout, in the midst of which another rap at the door was heard.

"Here they are," he said. "I'll bring them to the door."

But upon the door being opened, there was a lad with parcels of rice, sugar, and meal, and the same question was asked. But Sally, by this time, had decided to take all in that was paid for, at the same time telling

each one, "They mustn't be surprised if they had to fetch them back again."

The grocer sent potatoes and cabbages; the buttermilk, eggs, bacon, and butter; and a few other articles from different shops arrived, until the table began to be quite full.

"I do wish father and mother would come home," said Sally. "Suppose a policeman was to come and find all these things here, what should we do?"

"I wonder," said Tommy, "whether father's going to keep a shop?"

"Don't be silly, Tommy; it would make you still, I know, if we all had to go to prison," said Sally.

In the midst of this dialogue, much to the joy of the children, father and mother returned, and soon told them that the things on the table were for the coming week, and that all of them would have a share if they were good; and giving them a piece each of the new loaf and a bit of cheese, off they were sent to bed, and told to be very quiet. But quietness was out of the question: no sooner were they up-stairs than they began to talk of the morrow's feasting, and their tongues made such a noise that it woke the other children; and then Tommy had to tell them that down-stairs there was such a whopping leg of mutton, and such big loaves, and lots of other things, and they soon set up a shout which brought the mother to the foot of the stairs, and she said:

"If you children don't be quiet, you shan't have any pudding tomorrow."

"Pudden, pudden," said the little ones, "what's that?" And again the voice of Tommy was heard telling the others that down-stairs there were flour and currants, and that on the morrow mother had promised to make them a plum pudding. Of course, with this additional piece of news, was it any

wonder that their eyes were not much troubled with sleepiness, and that long before the time for getting up had arrived, Tommy was showing them by the aid of the pillows, how big the loaves were, and how mother would make the pudding, and then they wished for the time to arrive when they might be able to experience in reality that "the proof of the pudding is in the eating."

However, the day was at length fairly ushered in, and to the astonished eyes of the children, the whole of the articles displayed; and it can be more easily imagined than described how the day passed away, with so much to talk about, and so many things to enjoy. And when, in the afternoon while all were seated around the table, mother brought a plate of nice rosy-ripe cherries, was it any wonder when the children set up a shout of joy, that Mary's heart was too full to contain its emotion?—and that while the children were making ear-rings of the cherries, she drew close to John, and kissing him quietly, the tears trickling down her cheeks the meanwhile, she whispered in his ear, "We may be happy yet."

And so it was; for in a short time John found that he could buy clothes for his children, and then for himself and wife: and then it began to be whispered that he was getting proud, for he moved into a better neighborhood, where he only had to pay about the same rent, nevertheless. And soon after he began to put by his savings in the Building Society, and this enabled him to build a cottage for himself. Meantime the master, finding him more than ever attentive to his work, appointed him as foreman at an advanced rate of wages; and somehow John used to say, that "He found it

vastly more pleasant to receive two sovereigns and a half a week for looking after men doing the work than one and a half for doing it." And step by step he rose, until he became a master himself; and instead of working he had men to look after it, and do it for him. He has bought a nice row of houses, from which he receives sufficient to keep him without work the remainder of his days, and in a handsome "Villa" which he has lately had built, to which he has retired, he may sometimes be seen reclining on an easy-chair, viewing with evident satisfaction, through the drawing-room window a cherry tree which he planted in the garden with his own hands to "grow his own cherries." His son Tommy is now practising as a medical man, with a good connection; and the rest of the children have been well educated; added to all this, he and his wife, as far as practicable, are hearty supporters of the Temperance cause, and by the blessing of God, have become consistent members of a Christian church.

Working men, the moral is soon told: It is not how much a week you earn, but what you do with it when you get it. How many a home comfort, in the shape of carpets, sofas, chairs, books, etc., are lost, by the simple fact that the money goes in the wrong way. If you learn nothing else by this sketch, you may learn this, that if you are to have a "Home, sweet home," you must "Buy your own cherries."

Do not wait for extraordinary circumstances to do good actions; try to use ordinary situations.

MEN of real knowledge are more anxious to obtain more than they are to show what they have.

SLANDER.

Thou senseless, sensual, craven, loathsome thing
That mask puts on to aid thy foul intent,
Like bird of prey on quick and eager wing
Thy life and mission are for ruin spent.

The wriggling snake his danger signal gives;
We trace him by the slimy trail he makes,
But slander slyly in the thicket lives
And hourly ev'ry base advantage takes.

Slander consumes the husks that virtue scorns,
Grows bolder daily as it plods along;
Crawls maimed and bleeding 'mong the briars and
thorns,

The slave of passion and the scourge of wrong.

The flow'rs and sunbeams on life's pleasant way
It passes by to seek the sombre shade,
Where life is dreary as a winter day
When brake and leaf are 'neath the snow-banks laid.

As prowling thief is seized with terror wild
At ev'ry sudden shadow, step or sound,
E'en so, the sland'rer, friendship hath beguiled
Starts, fears and trembles lest his guilt be found.

An honest man the world looks in the face
His word is peace, his heart is true and kind;
The sland'rer steals out from his covert place
And stabs his victim, in the dark, behind.

O sland'rer cease, life's higher purpose scan;
The folly of your reckless past review;
Go, learn the lesson of life's saving plan
And earth and heav'n will love to honor you.

J. C.

ONLY ONE MOMENT.

IN a New York popular down-town restaurant there was a waiter who had an unpleasant habit of saying "One moment." Otherwise he was a good-natured, affable man, who did his work well, but he was unable to break himself of his one failing. If, while he was wiping a knife or a spoon, a customer asked him for the salt, he would say, "One moment," finish the knife, and then hand the salt.

If he was polishing glasses and a gentleman who had a cup of coffee beside him asked for the sugar, the waiter would not set the glass down, serve the guest, and then resume his

labor, but "one moment," and the sugar afterward. If the customer failed to see it in that light and repeated his request, the waiter would give his napkin a deprecatory flourish and impart to his reply a slight accent of reproach, "O-one mo-ment, sir."

The waiter came over to Jersey to visit some friends, and after a day of innocent hilarity he returned to the railroad station from which he was to embark for home. While waiting for the train he strolled out on the track and stood looking down the long perspective of the road. He did not observe an express train that was booming down from the opposite direction, but he heard the warning voice of a man on the platform shouting:

"Get off the track! Get off the track!"

"One moment, sir!" was the involuntary reply, and he tarried for an instant to straighten a kink in his watch chain but the express train was in a hurry, and in one moment he was hurled into eternity.

SHORT LECTURES, STORIES, SKETCHES.

(By students of the Rhetoric Classes, B. Y. Academy.)

The Newsboy's Sacrifice.

TOM SHEPARD was a newsboy. It was Christmas time, and he had saved enough money to purchase his mother a dress and have twenty-five cents of his own, his very own, to spend as he liked.

After much deliberation he decided to buy a necktie. While passing a store he saw a bright yellow one dangling from the window.

He ran quickly inside and said to the clerk: "Won't you save that yellor necktie for me?"

The clerk smiled. "I will save it for you until tomorrow evening," he replied after a pause.

Tom then set out with a full determination to earn the other nickel, for the tie was thirty cents. Before night he had earned it.

On returning to the store he heard someone sobbing, and hastening to the spot saw a poor little boot-black seated on a cold curbstone. He walked up to the little fellow, and laying his hand on his shoulder asked: "What are you crying about? What is your name?"

The little waif raised his tear-stained eyes and said: "I haven't blacked a boot today, and I wanted to buy mamma a card. My name's Timmy."

Tom pitied him. "I believe I will give him my money, and go without the tie for that will make two people happy," he said to himself.

Tom was not selfish, and after taking one long look at the coveted tie, he went in and told the clerk he could not buy it. He bought instead a pair of warm, red mittens and a pretty Christmas card and presented them to Timmy. The child was very much pleased and went home with a thankful heart.

When Tom delivered his evening paper to Mr. Deen he was given a parcel and told not to open it until he reached home.

After removing the lid, to his great delight he found the cherished necktie, and this note:

"May each day of your life be thus characterized by unselfish deeds, and you will ever be rewarded for them. Merry Christmas to you.—Joel Deen."

Tom showed this letter to his mother and told her about Timmy. He could not understand at first why she should burst into tears. But when she threw

her arms around him and said, "My brave boy, I'm *so* proud of you," he felt so happy that he began crying too.

Mattie Caffrey.

The Pansy.

WHAT a thrill of delight we feel in the spring as we gaze on the first sweet "baby face" of the pansy! By its beauty alone it has won the special favor of millions, and a bill has been introduced into Congress to make it our "national flower."

The pansy is the product of an English florist's genius, made by him from the violet. Its original and most common color is blue. Still we find it in nearly all colors, and greater varieties are constantly produced.

The culture of the pansy is very important. The soil must be rich and sandy. The spot selected for the bed should be partially shaded, and the ground prepared as early as possible.

Spade it thoroughly to the depth of two or three feet and let it rest, without smoothing, for a few days. After the soil has become somewhat dried by lying exposed, it should be broken fine and smooth by using the hoe and rake.

The seed may now be sown. Soon tiny plants will burst forth. These should be transplanted about six inches apart, as soon as the true leaves are fully formed. In a short time a perfect paradise of pansies, varying in shade and color will greet you.

The pansy revels in rich soil and warm sun; and if watering, weeding, etc., are done regularly, you will be pleased with their wealth of bright and attractive bloom. If covered lightly with leaves before the snow falls they can be preserved till winter.

I sometimes draw the veil from the

one prettiest picture that hangs on memory's wall. It is a winter scene in my flower garden. There is a beautiful background of driven snow. A large bed of pansies in all their regal colors—black, purple, yellow and blue—lift their heads out and mock the sullen sky. Their foliage is hidden by the coverlet of snow—only the blossoms raise their laughing faces mischievously, "as if to say, 'Isn't this a gay frolic?'"

How often have I gone out in the garden when the whole earth was mantled with the "beautiful," uncovered a small spot, and there plucked a choice bouquet of pansies! Of course they were not in full bloom on account of the cold, but when placed in water the petals slowly unfolded and the dreary room was cheered by their bright faces.

Nothing beautifies the home more than flowers. They shed such a gentle influence of love and kindness that one cannot but rejoice that we live in such a beautiful world.

Emeline Bird.

HOPE is the most priceless boon to nature given. Were it not for its influence many would be plunged into the gulf of dark despair that now tread the ways of honor and glory. The past has been but a scene of bitter disappointments and blighted hopes to many of us. The present is the daily witness of the wreck of all life's sweetest joys; but still hope shines like a star, and sheds its brilliant rays over the gloom, and pictures fair visions to be disclosed in the impenetrable future. Without its influence life would be a desert deprived of every oasis.

HEAR as little as possible of that which is to the prejudice of other people.

Our Little Folks.

YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES.

The Empty Stocking.

ONE Christmas eve mamma said to the little ones: "You will have to go to bed early tonight, so that old Santa Claus will come."

"Why, ma, won't he come if we stay up late?"

"No, my dear, he won't come till all of you are in bed and asleep."

"Well, how can he tell whether we are asleep or not?" said Freddie.

"Oh, he can tell easily enough, and if he finds any of you awake he will pass on and go to the next house, and won't leave anything for those naughty ones that are awake."

"Freddie, come let us hang up our stockings and go to bed, so that old Santa Claus will come," said Nellie.

With a whine and a puckered lip Freddie then hung up his stocking, and said, "Oh, I don't want to go to bed now; I want to stay up till ma and pa go to bed."

"No, Freddie, you can't do that," said his mother.

"Why?" queried Freddie.

"Because if you don't go to bed old Santa Claus will not come."

"Well, he won't come anyway if you and pa stay up here, for he will see the light," argued Freddie.

"Oh, yes he will, for we shall soon come after you get into bed," said his mother.

At this Freddie decided to go to bed; but determined to lay awake and see old Santa Claus.

About fifteen minutes later there was a rattling of paper, and it struck Freddie that Santa Claus must be there; so he

got up quietly and went to the bedroom door, and sure enough there was the old fellow filling the stockings. He boldly shouted, "Hello, Santa Claus!"

At that moment the lamp was blown out, and Freddie, being left in the dark, commenced crying; but his parents never heard him, so he had to go back to bed the best way he could.

Next morning Freddie found his stocking empty. It grieved him very much to think that his sister had lots of pretty presents, and he had none.

Burt Bullock.

The Power of Kindness.

WILLIAM SAVERY was a Quaker, living near Philadelphia, during the Revolutionary War. He was a kindly-disposed man, and many were his charitable deeds that the public knew nothing about. He was a tanner by trade, and one night a number of hides were stolen from his yard. While he suspected a neighbor of his, a worthless sort of fellow, he had no proof against him. He said nothing about his loss, but the next day the following advertisement appeared in the papers:

"Whoever stole a lot of hides on the 5th of the present month, is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere wish to be his friend. If poverty tempted him to take this false step, the owner will keep the whole matter secret, and will gladly put him in the way of obtaining a living by means more likely to bring him peace of mind."

This odd notice attracted a good deal of attention; but the thief alone knew to whom the kind offer was made. When he read it, his heart was filled with sorrow for what he had done. A few nights afterward, as the tanner's family were about going to bed, they heard a

timid knock; and, when the door opened, there stood Smith, with the hides on his shoulder. Without looking up he said: "I have brought these back, Mr. Savery. Where shall I put them?"

"Wait till I can light a lantern, and I will go to the barn with thee," replied Mr. Savery. "Then, perhaps, thou wilt come in and tell me how this thing happened, and we will see what can be done for thee."

As soon as they were gone out, his wife prepared some hot coffee, and placed pies and meat on the table. When they returned from the barn, she said, "Neighbor Smith, I thought some hot supper would do thee good." Smith turned his back toward her and did not speak. After a moment, he said in a choked voice: "It is the first time I ever stole anything, and I feel very bad about it. I don't know how it is. I am sure I didn't think once that I should ever come to be what I am. But I took to drinking, and then to quarreling. And since I began to go down hill, everybody gives me a kick. You are the first man, Mr. Savery, that has ever offered me a helping hand. God bless you! I stole the hides from you, meaning to sell them. But I tell you the truth, when I say it is the first time I was ever a thief."

"Let it be the last time, my friend," replied William Savery. "The secret shall be between me and thee. Thou art still young. Promise me that thou wilt not drink any more liquor for a year, and I will employ thee tomorrow at good wages. Perhaps we may find some work for thy family also. The little boy can at least pick up stones. But eat a bit now, and drink some hot coffee, to keep thee from craving anything stronger. Keep up a brave heart

for the sake of thy wife and children. When thou hast need of coffee, tell Mary, and she will always give it to thee."

The poor fellow tried hard to eat and drink, but the food seemed to choke him. He could not smother his feelings, and he bowed his head on the table and wept like a child. By-and-by he ate and drank with good heart; and his host parted with him for the night with this kindly word, "Try to do well, John, and thou wilt always find a friend in me."

Smith began to work for him the next day, and remained with him many years, a sober, honest, and faithful man. The secret of the theft was kept between them: but, after John's death, William Savery told the story, to show that evil may be overcome with good.

LIST OF PRIZES OFFERED FOR 1895.

OUR list of prizes for the coming year has been considerably extended, as our young readers will perceive. We extend an invitation to all our young friends to compete for all or any of the prizes we offer. Following is a complete list of them:

FOR BEST STORY suitable for this department of the INSTRUCTOR, First Prize, cloth bound copy of the Book of Mormon, large print. Second Prize, leather, gilt, copy of L. D. S. Hymn Book.

FOR BEST LEAD PENCIL DRAWING, subject to be chosen by the competitor, First Prize, leather bound copy of Domestic Science. Second Prize, cloth bound copy Domestic Science.

FOR BEST MAP OF UTAH, drawn and colored, First Prize, cloth bound copy of Wonderlands of the Wild West. Second Prize, cloth bound copy of Whitney's Poems.



FOR BEST SPECIMEN OF PENMANSHIP, consisting of a copy of the Articles of Faith of the Latter-day Saints, to be competed for by boys and girls between the ages of twelve and eighteen years, First Prize, leather bound copy of Forty Years Among the Indians. Second Prize, cloth bound copy of Forty Years Among the Indians.

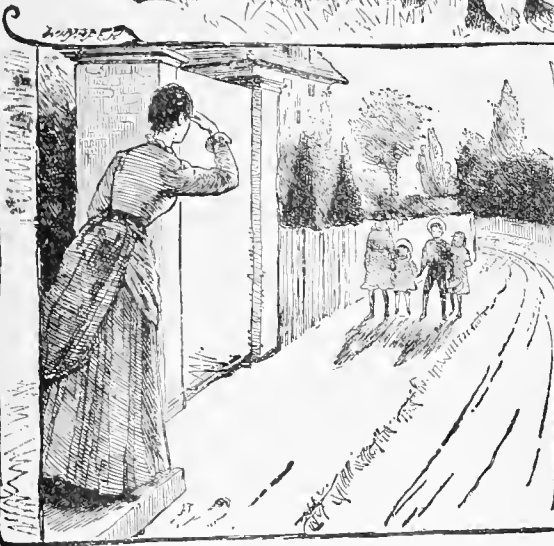
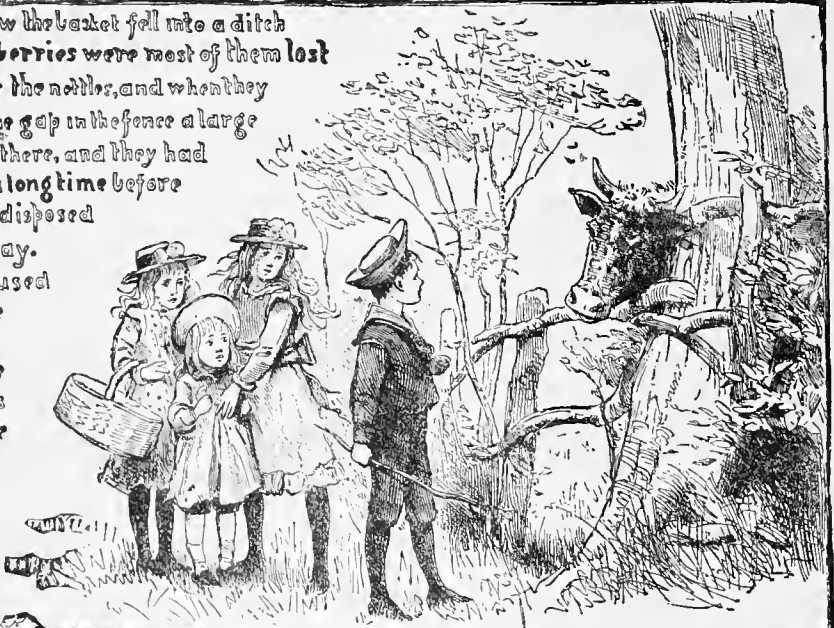
FOR BEST SPECIMEN OF PENMANSHIP,

consisting of the Lord's Prayer, by boys or girls under twelve years of age, First Prize, cloth bound copy of work From Kirtland to Salt Lake. Second Prize, cloth bound copy of Moral Stories.

FOR BEST POCKET KNIFE WORK either carving, scroll or other class of work in wood, First Prize, cloth bound copy of the Life of Heber C. Kimball.

Somehow the basket fell into a ditch
and the berries were most of them lost
amongst the nettles, and when they
came to the gap in the fence a large
cow was there, and they had
to wait a long time before
she felt disposed
to go away.

This caused
them to be
very
miserable
So it was
very late
when
they



arrived home very tired, and
having lost their blackberries,
been stung by the nettles, and
scratched by the thorns, we will
hope they were not severely
punished for their
disobedience.



W. S. Stacy.

Second Prize, cloth bound copy of the Doctrine and Covenants, large print.

FOR BEST SPECIMEN OF KNITTING, lace, fascinators, wristlets, mittens or stockings. First Prize, morocco, extra gilt copy of the L. D. S. Hymn Book. Second Prize morocco gilt copy of Deseret Sunday School Song Book.

FOR BEST SPECIMEN OF CROCHET WORK, any article, such as tidies, etc.

First Prize, cloth bound copy of the Life of John Taylor. Second Prize, cloth bound copy of the Dictionary of the Book of Mormon.

FOR BEST SPECIMEN OF KENSINGTON EMBROIDERY, any pattern. First Prize, cloth bound copy of the Life of Joseph Smith. Second Prize morocco, extra gilt, copy of Whitney's Poems.

FOR BEST SPECIMEN OF ART WORK IN

TISSUE PAPER, such as lamp shades, fancy vases, etc., First Prize, leather, gilt Book of Mormon, large print. Second Prize, calf grain, gilt Book of Mormon, small print.

The above prizes consist entirely of home publications the combined value of which is \$37.65.

The conditions are only that the competitors must be under eighteen years of age. It is free to all, boys and girls. The articles they send in competition must reach us by the 1st of June, 1895. Those who wish their articles returned must send stamps to pay the postage on them. The articles of most merit will be exhibited in our office, with the names of the makers attached, and the names of those receiving prizes will be published in the INSTRUCTOR. Remember to give your name and address when writing to us.

THE PRIZE WINNERS.

FOLLOWING is a list of those who have received prizes for contributions to this department of the INSTRUCTOR during the past six months:

First Prize for Story, Joanna Freckleton, Eureka, Juab Co., Utah, a copy of the "Life of Heber C. Kimball."

Second Prize for Story, Alvenia Savage, Woodruff, Apache Co., Arizona, a copy of the work entitled "Forty Years Among the Indians."

Third Prize for Story, Arthur Owen, Ammon, Bingham Co., Idaho, a copy of "Mr. Durant of Salt Lake."

First Prize for answering Enigmas, Puzzles, etc., Nellie Knell, Pinto, Iron Co., Utah, copy of "Life of John Taylor."

Second Prize for answering Enigmas, etc., J. Leroy Johnson, Spring City, Sanpete Co., Utah, copy of work "From Kirtland to Salt Lake."

Third Prize for answering Enigmas, etc., Juliaetta Bateman, West Jordan, Salt Lake County, Utah, copy of "The City of the Saints."

A LITTLE BOY'S LETTER.

PERHAPS you would like to hear from a school-boy who lives away down in Old Mexico.

My parents came to Mexico when I was a small boy. There were no Mormons here then; but now there are quite a number. I live in Juarez, a beautiful little town. There are about seventy-five families in Juarez. We have a nice, large school-house, with three rooms. There are about one hundred and fifty children in school now.

Juarez is situated in a narrow canyon on the Casas Grandes River, which flows through the town. On one side of the river they are just starting to build houses. On the other side there is a large town. We have such pleasant times at our schools and in our Primary Associations.

Benjamin Moffett. Age 13.

JENNIE'S CHRISTMAS LETTER.

SAV, Jennie dear, 'tis time of year

Good Santa Claus was coming,
With loads of toys for girls and boys,
With deer and sleds a-humming.

May Santa bring some pretty thing
To you and brother Mazel;
And not forget our little pet,
Our precious little Hazel.

I hope that he'll remember me,
While through the key-hole peeping,
And bring a horse for me of course,
While I am soundly sleeping.

Another boy who wants a toy
Is Wilford—he's a dandy;
He wants a rig, a cart or gig
Chuck full of peanut candy.

On Christmas day we'll jump and play,
And romp the yard together;
We'll skip and run and have such fun
If Santa brings fine weather.

Peanuts and oranges so nice,
And apples by the dozen;
Cakes, pies and meat, and candy sweet
I'm sure we'll have, dear cousin.

So now, good-by, and don't you cry;
And also tell your mother
That soon I'll be down there to see
You and your own big brother.

Lester.

CHRISTMAS POEM.

MANY years ago, when darkness
Settled o'er a fallen world,
From the blue, ethereal heavens
A new star its light unfurled.

Spoken of by prophets holy—
Symbol of the greater Light—
Come to earth to taste its sorrows,
And to lead mankind aright.

He, the Royal Prince, our Brother,
Dwelt in heavenly mansions fair,
Left His throne, His fair dominions,
Came to earth our griefs to share.

How He worked to teach salvation
To the humble ones of earth!
To redeem the world from darkness—
All might gain celestial birth.

What to Him were earthly comforts
When beneath the weight of sin
Earth had struggled on for ages!
He the victory now must win.

From the grave He did redeem her,
And salvation's flag unfurled;
Then to seal His sacred mission
Died to save a fallen world.

Annie G. Lauritzen.

"THE MASTER HAS COME."

A Little Song for Little Singers.

WORDS FROM ST. PAUL'S MUSIC LEAFLETS.

MUSIC BY A. C. SMYTH.

Andante e Sostenuto.

Andante.

1. "The Master has come ov - er Jordan," Said Hannah, the mother, one day; "He is
2. Her hus - band looked at her kind ly, But he shook his head and smiled: "Now
3. "Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan, I feel such a burden of care; If
4. So ov - er the hills of Ju - dae - a, Along by the vine rows green, With
5. "Now why should'st thou hinder the Master," Said Peter, "with children like these? Seest
6. And the heav - y heart of the moth - er Was lifted all earth-care a - bove, As

healing the people who throng Him With a touch of His finger, they say: So
 who but a dot - ing moth - er Would think of a thing so wild? If the
 I car - ry it to the Mast - er, Per - haps I shall leave it there; If
 Esther a - sleep on her bosom, And Rachel her brothers between; 'Mong the
 not how, from morning till evening, He teacheth and healeth disease? Then
 He placed His hands on the brothers, And blest them with tender - est love, As He

now I shall take the dear children, Little Rachel, and Samuel, and John; I shall
 children were tortured by demons, Or dy - ing of fe - ver, 'twere well; Or
 He lay His hands on the children, My heart will be lighter, I know, For a
 people who hung on His teaching, Or waited His touch and His word, Thro' the
 Christ said, "Forbid not the children, Per - mit them to come un - to Me!" And He
 said of the babes of His bosom, "Of such is the kingdom of Heav'n," And

car - ry the sweet ba - by Esther, For the Lord to look up - on; oh,
 had they the taint of the lep - er, Like many in Is - ra - el." el."
 blessing for ev - er and ev - er Will follow them as they go." go."
 row of proud Pharisees hasting, She pressed to the feet of her Lord. Lord.
 took in His arms lit - tle Esther, And Rachel He placed on His knee. knee.
 strength for all du - ty and tri - al That hour to her spirit was giv'n. giv'n.



HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,

—AN—

Illustrated Semi-monthly Magazine

DESIGNED EXPRESSLY FOR THE EDUCATION AND ELEVATION OF THE YOUNG.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,
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